THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

Hitler Over Russia	*Ernst Henri*
King's Holiday	*Jean Charlet*
Some Thoughts on Television	*A. P. Herbert*
Adolf at School	*Konrad Heiden*
Waikato Heads (A Story)	*R. R. Money*
Germany's Case for Colonies	*Franz von Epp*
Laughton on the Lot	*C. A. Lejeune*
Main Road (A Story)	*V. S. Pritchett*

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ANNOUNCING

MODERNIZING OUR STATE LEGISLATURES

BY A. E. BUCK

Institute of Public Administration, New York City

I. TOMORROW'S DEMANDS ON STATE LEGISLATURES
II. THE WEAKNESSES OF THE EXISTING LEGISLATIVE SYSTEM
III. PROPOSALS FOR STRENGTHENING THE LEGISLATIVE SYSTEM
IV. THE ONE-HOUSE LEGISLATURE AND WHAT IT PROMISES

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THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS

for November, 1936

THE WORLD OVER 189
HITLER OVER RUSSIA ..... *Ernst Henri* 196
TWO ESSAYS ON SCIENCE
I. THE ENJOYMENT OF SCIENCE ..... *Dr. C. P. Snow* 205
II. SOME THOUGHTS ON TELEVISION ..... *A. P. Herbert* 208
KING'S HOLIDAY ..... *Jean Charlet* 211
MAIN ROAD (A Story) ..... *V. S. Pritchett* 218
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
MIDDLE CLASS BUSINESS MAN ..... *P. Q. R.* 224
ADOLF AT SCHOOL ..... *Konrad Heiden* 227
LADY OF THE PRESS ..... *Max Werner* 230
LAUGHTON ON THE LOT ..... *C. A. Lejeune* 232
COLONIES: A DEBATE
I. THE REBIRTH OF MITTEL-AFRIKA ..... *Sarah Gertrude Millin* 235
II. GERMANY'S CASE FOR COLONIES ..... *Franz Ritter von Epp* 238
WAIKATO HEADS AND OPOTIKI BEACH (A Story) ..... *R. R. Money* 242
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 251
AS OTHERS SEE US
JUSTICE AT NIGHT ..... *Martha Gellhorn* 255
BOOKS ABROAD 259
OUR OWN BOOKSHELF 270
CORRESPONDENCE 274
AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE 276
WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS 281

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THE GUIDE POST

'HITLER OVER RUSSIA' is part of a book of that title which Simon and Schuster will publish early in December. Ernst Henri is the author of *Hitler Over Europe*, one of the most remarkable and sensational books on Nazi Germany that has yet appeared. His new book discusses, with a wealth of detail, how, according to the author's information, Germany will launch her threatened attack on the U.S.S.R. [p. 196]

DR. C. P. SNOW, whose 'Enjoyment of Science' we reproduce from the London *Spectator*, is a fellow and tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge. [p. 205]

THE author of 'Some Thoughts on Television,' Mr. A. P. Herbert, is widely known in this country for his *Holy Deadlock*. He is a member of the staff of *Punch*, and has recently entered Parliament. [p. 208]

'KING'S HOLIDAY' purports to reveal the political significance of King Edward's recent vacation trip, which the current interest in Mrs. Simpson has somewhat obscured over here. [p. 211]

V. S. PRITCHETT is a young English author and critic who already has several books to his credit. The short story which we reprint from the *New Statesman and Nation* reveals his concern with the moral and spiritual effects of unemployment, especially in the young. [p. 218]

SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, who thinks very decidedly that Germany ought not to have her pre-War colonies returned to her, is the author of a recently published biography of General Jan Smuts. [p. 235]

AND Franz Ritter von Epp, who takes the other side of the debate, is National Socialist Governor of Bavaria and President of the Reich Colonial League, a semi-official propaganda organization now reported to be on the verge of dissolution. [p. 238]

MR. R. R. MONEY'S story, 'Waikato Heads and Opotiki Beach,' describes flying experiences in New Zealand under conditions which would be incredible if they were not true. [p. 242]

OF THE authors of this month's 'Persons and Personages,' 'P. Q. R.' has contributed a number of character studies of English statesmen to the London *Spectator*, from which 'Middle-Class Business Man' also comes; Konrad Heiden is the author of *Hitler, A Biography* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf); Max Werner is a German émigré journalist; and C. A. Lejeune writes the motion picture criticism for the London *Observer*.

AMONG the names signed to the reviews in 'Books Abroad' are those of Raymond Mortimer, a frequent contributor to the *New Statesman and Nation;* M. Mendez, book reviewer for the *Sol* of Madrid; Franz Horch, formerly one of Max Reinhardt's *Dramaturgs*, now a member of the editorial staff of a Vienna publishing house; and Graham Greene, who used to be on the London *Times* and who now devotes himself to writing both books and book reviews.

OUR own reviewers include Edwin Berry Burgum, associate professor of English at New York University; Walter C. Langsam, who teaches European History at Columbia University; Charles A. Thomson, Latin American expert of the Foreign Policy Association; Mina Curtiss, author of *In the Midst of Life* (Boston: Little, Brown); Henry Bennett, whom our readers will remember as the translator of Jean Giono's 'Farewell to Paris' and Pierre

(*Continued on page 282*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR has entered the phase of serious military warfare. The period has long since passed when mob fighting in the streets, *pronunciamientos* and wholesale desertions of troops from Rebel and Government forces constituted the most important features of the war. In the conflict at present bodies of troops supplemented by artillery, tanks and airplanes are clashing in a more or less modern version of the battles which marked some stages of the World War. In this sort of warfare the Rebels have consistently won victories, have routed the Government troops on many fronts, and at the time of going to press not only threaten Madrid but the very existence of the Government.

The Rebels' military superiority lies in their ability to obtain and handle modern weapons of warfare. They have attained supremacy in the air by means of large squadrons of Italian and German planes, of the most up-to-date makes, piloted by skilled Italian and German aviators. They have received abundant supplies of guns, ammunition and various supplies of war through Portugal. Their victories, however, have been largely won by the professional fighting abilities of some 15,000 Moorish and Foreign Legion mercenaries imported from Spanish Morocco.

Against this relatively small, but highly trained, force, the Government army, superior in numbers but inferior in equipment and training,

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has shown itself lamentably weak. Reports from French, English and German correspondents have brought out in vivid detail the shortcomings of the Loyal forces. In the defence of the Guadarrama mountains the Government had only four artillery officers and the lines were held chiefly through the fierce valor of the militia infantry.

The revolting officers had prepared for this struggle long before the rebellion; machine-gun emplacements, pill boxes and trenches had been installed and troop maneuvers had been held in these mountains last year. This same far-sighted preparation accounts for the long sieges of the Alcazar, of Oviedo and of Huesca: the Rebel officers had accumulated in these strongholds large stocks of food and munitions. As for airplanes, the Government army possesses only a few slow-moving, obsolete craft. The non-intervention agreement worked a special hardship on the Government, for while the Rebels were able surreptitiously to receive what they needed from Portugal, Germany and Italy, the Government was not able to buy airplanes and arms from England and France.

The defeat of the Government forces at Irun illustrated in many respects the defects of the Government army. Lack of ammunition was undoubtedly one of the principal causes of this defeat. But lack of even the most elementary principles of military training was just as important. In addition to all these factors, bad organization in supply and communication and virtual absence of any coördination between staffs complete the picture of a Government army facing defeat, in spite of their excellent morale and superior numbers, by reason of their military inefficiency.

THE DISPATCH of airplane squadrons to the Rebels has constituted but one item in a long list of German intrigues not only in Spain, but in the Spanish colonies and in Portugal. In these columns in September we pointed out the German sources of Franco's financing. Now we are able to reveal the pro-German character of the general staff of the Rebels. Calvo Sotelo, Monarchist leader whose assassination has been regarded as the signal for the militarists to rise in rebellion, has long been known as a pro-German and took a strong part in the pro-German activities in Spain during the World War. General Sanjurjo, who was accidentally killed in the early days of the revolt, had spent the preceding months in Germany. General Mola, like Sotelo, had close contacts with the Wilhelmstrasse during the World War and ever since, during his commands in Spanish Morocco and as head of the Secret Police in Spain following the fall of Primo de Rivera, he has surrounded himself with German agents. General Franco was in touch with German agents in the Canary Islands immediately preceding the outbreak.

It has become increasingly clear that the Reich has not taken the

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trouble to nourish these contacts, nor to expend the large sums of money on German airplanes in the service of the Rebels, merely for the satisfaction of 'stamping out Bolshevism.' In addition to the objective of establishing a régime hostile to France across the Pyrenees, which would be extremely useful during a Franco-German war, the Nazi Government has seen the possibility of gaining a foothold in Africa. This ambition, a favorite with the German Government since the days of the famous Tangier incident, has been directed toward gaining possession of the Spanish territory of Rio Muni, just south of the former German colony of the Cameroons. A reported deal with Franco includes the ceding of this strip of territory to Germany in return for her assistance. By this stroke Germany would obtain a foothold on the southern continent which would lead to further African acquisitions.

THE MOST SPECTACULAR THEATER of German intrigue has been in the Canary Islands. This has obviously been promoted with the object of cutting off the line of communication between France and the French west African possessions, from which France drew so many black troops during the last war. Geographically, the Canaries provide an excellent base point for this maneuver. They stand off the coast of Africa and all French transports bound north must pass along their shores. According to information published in *Vendredi*, a Paris Popular Front weekly, the Canaries have a German population, well organized by Nazi agents, of about 3,000. In April, 1936, the German cruisers *Nürnberg* and *Köln* unloaded arms there. Secretly these two vessels also deposited a number of small floating mines on one of the most deserted of the islands. Farther down the coast, in the Bisagos archipelago, a Portuguese possession, Germany has leased a small island which she has transformed into an excellent submarine base, with oil tanks, a fortified port, repair shop for seaplanes and submarines, and an arsenal filled with air bombs, mines and torpedoes. A German submarine, exported in pieces, has been assembled there. All this activity has been camouflaged under the guise of a palm-oil station, the Eisenbahn Kamerun Gesellschaft. In fifteen hours German submarines, and in two hours German airplanes, could reach Dakar, the French port of Senegal.

THE APPARENT SUCCESS of the Fascists in Spain and the possible installation of a Fascist régime after the fall of the Spanish Popular Front have led many to believe that the French Popular Front will soon dissolve and be followed by the establishment of a Fascist state. Recent activity of the Croix de Feu has seemed to give this view some support. But the Croix de Feu agitations may be a last, futile effort to recover lost ground. The corrupt Paris press, once on the side of the Croix de Feu by

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reason of having the same subsidizers, now shows a disinclination to give them much space. Perhaps the big business interests have turned to Jacques Doriot as 'the man.' At any rate, French Fascist forces seem to be split.

Economic conditions, some reports show, are not nearly as bad as the international press insists. The peasants now enjoy better times, for the price of wheat, a year ago at 70 francs per quintal, has recently risen from 105 to 140. Tourist trade has been better than last year and there have been some minor booms in some industries. Finally the cost of living has not risen to any great extent. While bread has gone up, the prices of meat, vegetables, milk, eggs and wine have scarcely risen at all, and in some cases have actually declined. Devaluation may affect these prices in the near future, but for the present these are not favorable conditions for a Fascist movement.

FRANCE HAS EXPRESSED satisfaction with the official announcements of the Little Entente conference recently concluded at Bratislava. The Premiers of these States affirmed their friendship for France and the solidarity of their mutual bonds. Yet Geneviève Tabouis, an exceptionally well-informed political observer, says that a secret agreement was made whereby each of these States was left free to contract political rapprochements with States outside the Entente. In other words Yugoslavia may move into the German orbit, Rumania into the Italian, etc., and thus destroy the Entente.

RUSSIA'S INCREASED AGGRESSIVENESS in diplomacy (*vide* her leadership of the fight for Abyssinia in the League against France and England) may conceivably be aimed at keeping France from drawing nearer to Italy and Germany, and to prevent the holding of the long delayed Five-Power conference (the new Locarno). For rumors have been afloat that England has been making progress in an attempt to detach France from the Franco-Soviet pact. It is noticeable that the staff conversations between France and Russia, long ago scheduled, have not been held. Also that Russia was not consulted (as is usual in a case where two countries have such close relations) during the visits of Dr. Schacht and of General Rydz-Smigly, Polish commander, to Paris.

A MAJOR FACTOR in the French Government's decision to embargo gold was the fact that, because of the huge export of gold by speculators and nervous business men, the gold reserve of the Bank of France had reached the 'war-chest limit' fixed by the General Staff of the army. The future military defence of the country depended on keeping this gold.

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According to currency experts, the French currency plan will be a composite of the features of the Belgian, British and American devaluations, as follows: (1) the franc has been legally depreciated in the same way as was the Belgian currency in 1935; (2) it will be controlled by an exchange equalization fund, as is sterling; (3) it resembles President Roosevelt's dollar because the Government will have a margin wherein to alter its value.

The practical effect of these intricate regulations will undoubtedly be an increase in France's foreign trade, for, on the new international basis of the franc, French goods will be cheaper on the world market. Whether the devaluation will result in a great increase in prices within France, amounting to dangerous inflation, remains to be seen. Premier Blum is said to have issued a warning to the effect that while the pound and the dollar were devalued during a period of lowering world prices, the franc faces a situation in which world prices are mounting.

Almost overshadowing the French currency operation *per se*, the gentleman's agreement between France, Britain and the United States not to engage in a currency war gave some assurance that international stabilization of currencies might result. That there should be such a stabilization is clearly desirable. If there is no stability, world trade becomes difficult and may become impossible. For example, unless the American exporter to France knows at what rate he will be able to exchange the francs he receives for his goods into the dollars he needs to pay rent, wages, etc., he cannot decide what price he should charge.

But it should be emphasized that the tripartite agreement is 'gentlemanly' rather than hard and fast. Secretary Morgenthau made this clear when he said that the United States reserved the power to protect the level of its currency. The course which other countries, notably Germany, may take can conceivably upset the agreement and start another currency war. The action of Italy, quickly following France's, of devaluing the lira 41 per cent as against France's approximately 30 per cent indicates that the way of the stabilizers will not be easy. Likewise the announced intention of France to lower tariffs has been somewhat prematurely hailed as an additional element in promoting the return of freer trade conditions. It is noteworthy that the decreases in French tariffs—from 10 to 15 per cent—are by no means large and have not been promptly followed by tariff reductions in other countries. As Anatole de Monzie, former Minister of Finance, remarked, the devaluation of the franc 'is an international negotiation of which the official communiqués exaggerate the merit, but not the importance.'

ONE OF THE MOST remarkable developments in European politics in the past month has been Italy's change over to an attitude of con-

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ciliation. In July the accord between Germany and Italy by which the two countries agreed to scrap their differences over Austria, followed by numerous diplomatic conversations between Rome and Berlin, gave all the appearance of an alliance between the two great Fascist States. Today this alliance seems to have been broken. Italy's conduct during the negotiations for the non-intervention pact brought this out clearly. After sending planes to General Franco, the Italian Government agreed to join the non-intervention committee with surprising alacrity. It is reported that the German and Italian aviators in the Rebel headquarters in Spain have kept aloof from one another and have at times displayed actual antagonism to one another. In September, Russia and the smaller States of the League defied not only the feelings of Italy but also those of the British and French delegates by voting for seating the Abyssinian delegation in the League Assembly. It was expected that Italy would withdraw from the League as Mussolini has so often threatened. On the contrary Italy has remained in the League and statements from Rome have been remarkably soft about the League's action. Meanwhile Italy has played the part of the broker for France and England by trying to persuade Germany to attend the new Locarno Five-Power conference which these countries have been seeking to promote: Count Ciano's recent visit to Berlin was apparently undertaken with this purpose in view, and not, as it may have seemed, in order to renew the alliance between the two great Fascist nations. Finally Italy signalized her break with Germany by promptly following France in devaluing the lira, an act which leaves Germany completely isolated in the currency maneuvers.

There are good reasons why Italy should reconsider her connection with Germany. The *Momentul* of Bucharest finds that:—

> Italy has been reflecting for some time whether she should give free rein to her resentment against England and France [for their sanctions policy] by facilitating the penetration of Germany into the Mediterranean, or whether, by suppressing her resentment, she should defend herself by not collaborating with Germany in her Balkan push.
>
> It is certain that in the interest of Italy, Germany ought to be kept away from the Mediterranean.

Italy's commercial interests have displayed distinct alarm at Germany's growing dominance of the Balkan trade, once a strong market for Italian goods. These factors, added to Italy's depressing financial condition, explain why the Italian Government has shifted its 'line,' at least temporarily. Of course, a new rapprochement with Germany may yet occur, but, now that Abyssinia has been annexed, it looks for the present as if Italy had become one of the 'satisfied' Powers and will be 'good' in the European arena.

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JAPAN IS APPARENTLY HESITATING before plunging into a war with China, for several reasons. For one thing, Chinese resistance has markedly stiffened: General Chiang Kai-shek has a virtually united China behind him. His visit to the South has lined up behind the Nanking Government those war-lords formerly hostile to Chiang, and from Moscow the Third International has been broadcasting urgent appeals to Chinese Communists to form a united front with Chiang against Japan. Also, the recent opening of the railway line from Hankow to Canton now provides quick communication between North and South China for the first time; this is especially important for military movements in a war with Japan. Japan's own internal situation—slackening of the foreign trade drive, budgetary trouble, agrarian unrest—are enough to give her pause.

But the most important factor has been the attitude of Britain. It must be remembered that Japan suffered from no opposition from Britain at the time of the Manchurian invasion and that Britain badly let the United States down when our Government sought to enlist Britain in a united front against the Japanese aggressor. But today Britain shows no signs of rushing into an Anglo-Japanese agreement. Sir Frederick Leith-Ross successfully fenced off all Japanese suggestions along that line during his recent sojourn in the Orient and insisted that Chinese sovereignty be respected. The enormous smuggling campaign which has been carried on under unofficial Japanese auspices has cut into Britain's revenues from Chinese maritime customs and put the British in no friendly state of mind. Accordingly all talk of an Anglo-Japanese agreement which would leave Japan free to impose Japanese demands on China has come from Tokyo, not London.

The press of Japan, largely Government controlled, has been sending out a number of trial balloons. The *Asahi* recently declared that a rapprochement with Great Britain should be one of the fundamental features of Japan's foreign policy, and supplemented this with some reports from the paper's London correspondent to the effect that the British Government was contemplating siding with Japan. London papers treated this report with incredulity and the authoritative *Times* set the note for the British attitude with the following: 'Proud, defiant and perhaps a little light-headed, Japan faces the future but faces it alone.' With Britain standing aloof, Russia coquetting with China, and the United States maintaining her traditional opposition to Japan's aggressive policy towards China, Japan feels very keenly her isolation in the East. In such a position, the Japanese Government has good reason to mark time before launching another offensive in China.

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The author of *Hitler Over Europe* tells how, according to his information, Germany will conduct her attack on Russia.

Hitler Over Russia

By Ernst Henri

GENERAL assault on Russia! How is this plan to be realized? How is the defeat of Bolshevism to take place? An almost fantastic strategical map immediately becomes displayed. Attack on a territory of 8¼ million square miles, twice the expanse of Europe, with a frontal border of 2,000 miles (land frontier in the west), with 175 million inhabitants from sea to sea! That is no Abyssinian or Chinese adventure. Never in recent times has a military commander been faced by such a problem. One could speak of the project of a German break-through in Belgium to be followed by a march on Paris, or of an Entente thrust across the Rhine into Western Germany. One could imagine the conquest of large defenceless colonial territories, of the disarmed provinces of Manchuria, or the biblical wastes of Ethiopia.

But how is an annihilating blow—for it must be annihilating—to be aimed at a modern, excellently equipped and excellently organized country of ninety-three times the size of Great Britain, thirty-nine times the size of France, a country with a potential army of 20 millions and the most powerful industry in Europe today?

The General Staff of German Fascism—which is not the old Schlieffen General Staff, that of rational and normal strategy—is compelled to seek this way. Whatever the geographical, the strategical, the technical, the social conditions may be, it must have it for its war at all costs. Just as for centuries German generals have had their eyes fixed on the 400-mile northern frontier of France, in order to accomplish the short 200-mile march on Paris—which they have managed only once (1871)—so now the Hitler generals stand facing the 2,000-mile boundary of the Soviet Union. Moscow is the goal—Moscow, the hub of the Union, at the least, for the Socialist army would give final battle to German and Japanese Fascism only in the Urals, 1,250 miles away (the distance from Madrid to the Polish

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frontier), having previously made the most of the whole vast area.

The 2,000-mile line of the Russian front from the Arctic down to the Black Sea falls into *five* strategical zones or sectors, through which an offensive can be directed:—

(1) The extreme northern *Carelian zone*, from the Spitzbergen Islands down to the Ladoga Lake (opposite the Gulf of Finland), an expanse of about 750 miles.

(2) The *Baltic zone*, stretching inland from the Gulf of Finland to the Dvina, along the Soviet frontier with Finland (southern corner), Esthonia, and Latvia, about 340 miles long and with the *route to Leningrad*.

(3) The *White Russian zone*, continuation of the Baltic zone from the Dvina down to the tributaries of the River Pripet, about 250 miles in the middle of the Soviet map, covering the northern section of the frontier between Poland and the Soviet Union. Here is the *route to Smolensk*, the intermediate station on the military road Warsaw–Moscow and Napoleon's first bivouacking site in 1812.

(4) The *Ukrainian zone* (as far as the Dniestr), about 230 miles in length along the southern section of the Polish-Russian frontier and covering the *route to Kiev*.

(5) The extreme southerly *Black Sea zone*, about 300 miles along the Dniestr, the last sector of the western boundary of the Soviet Union—the frontier with Rumania. From here runs the *route to Odessa*.

Those are the five routes for an offensive against the Soviet Union, the five apertures leading to the interior of the Socialist continent. Each of them is at least as long as the entire Franco-Belgian frontier with Germany in 1914. Two apparently point the way to Moscow; the route *via* Leningrad about 400 miles in length, that *via* White Russia and Smolensk of about 470 miles. The distance to Paris from the German-Belgian frontier amounted to 200 miles in 1914. Which of these directions will German Fascism, the army of the Great Crusade, choose for the decisive thrust against the Red Front, the 'general break-through,' intended to 'pierce' this Front, like that of France in 1914, and to strike at the very roots of the Soviet Union with the first blow?

This is, in some sort, a historical question. But the answer to it does not appear to be difficult; no more than that concerning the direction of the main German offensive against Joffre in 1914.

II

The *storming of Leningrad*, the first fortress of the Bolshevik Revolution, is the essence and the crown of Germany's new strategic plan in the east, and that explains much of what is going on already today.

What is the significance of Leningrad in the German offensive in the east?

Strategically it seems an ideal operative goal. Leningrad is that point in the whole Soviet position which is furthest advanced and consequently to be reached most speedily. Its distance from the frontier in the south (frontier with Esthonia) amounts to 75 miles, the distance in the north (frontier with Finland) to 22 miles, while the breadth of this northern front, wedged between the Gulf of Finland and Lake Ladoga, is 37 miles. Thus there is here a real *gate*, leading into Leningrad. But it is not the only

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gate. In the west Leningrad lies directly on a third frontier—and that is the Gulf of Finland. The city is protected by the naval fortress of Kronstadt on Kotlin, an island lying in front of it. The Gulf of Finland belongs to him who has naval supremacy in the Baltic. Thus the possessor of this supremacy is on this side not much more than 30 miles away from Leningrad (distance Kronstadt–Leningrad). That is the operative situation—75 miles, 22 miles, 30 miles, from three sides.

For Germany this means two things. First a powerful direct *naval base* for an attack on the Soviet position. A direct deployment base of their own for the German forces was, however, precisely what, as we have seen, they were lacking in all the other routes; everywhere the German army would have to accomplish a long, difficult, and very doubtful march through alien territory, with hostile populations and undeveloped railways. The Baltic, however, turned in the hands of the new German naval fleet into a kind of German inland sea, is for the German army like an internal route leading straight to a vital center of the Soviet Union.

That is a circumstance of very great significance. It puts an end quickly to all the controversies on the theme that 'Germany has no frontier with the Soviets.' The Baltic is the new Belgium of the east. Not only can the German fleet itself undertake from the Gulf of Finland a frontal assault on Kronstadt and attempt to blockade Leningrad, but with its help the second base for the German deployment on this sector can also be established, fortified to an extraordinary degree and made almost unassailable—the *land base*. The zone of Leningrad is the only one which can be reached by the German troops along the land route without difficulties and relatively quickly. The march through the Baltic countries, beginning near Memel, is the most favorable of any that the German army can have in the east, and which, too, presents no novelty for it. In 1918 the German army of General Hoffmann was in Kovno, in Riga, in Reval, and in Finland; in 1919—after Brest-Litovsk—the Baltic Division commanded by a subordinate of Hoffmann, General Count von der Goltz, entered Soviet territory together with Russian White Guardists near Pskov and immediately south of the suburbs of Leningrad. The political Baltic of today, with its four weak border States, incapable of resistance, is a creation of Brest-Litovsk—of General Hoffmann, that is to say, once again. German-Baltic groups in the population, remnants of the former ruling feudal caste, scattered over all the border States, provide natural backing for a German army passing through from East Prussia to the Gulf of Finland. Baltic Fascism, born of Germany and organized by her, animated solely by the idea of another joint war against Russia, will, if it has not already done so beforehand, clear the way for the advancing German troops, the way for their transit; that is what it is there for.

III

In these circumstances the march Königsberg–Memel–Riga–Reval may become (apart from the resistance from the working-class and progressive elements in the Baltic countries) a 'walking tour' for the German expe-

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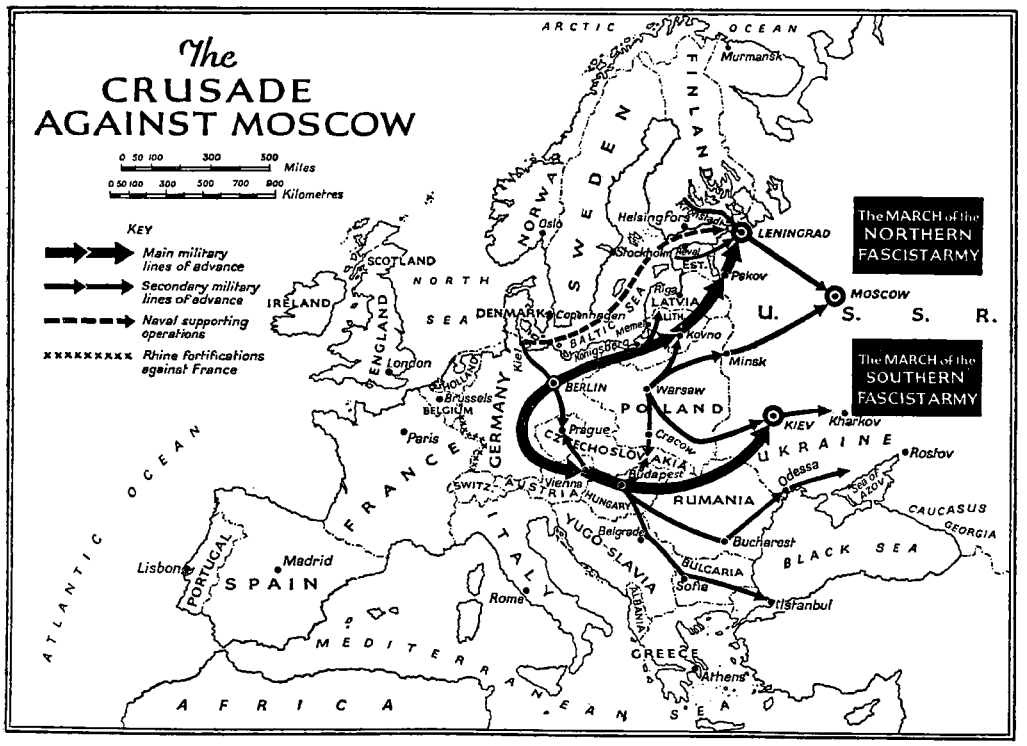
ditionary force. But even if it meets with resistance and the three Governments of the Baltic Entente, in order to save the independence of their countries, oppose their nine weak divisions to the German 'hammer,' this hammer will hardly need to strike, because one single warning shot from the German dreadnoughts outside the harbors of Memel, Riga and Reval will be enough to extract from the bourgeois Governments absolute, mute obedience to Germany. With its naval artillery the German Baltic fleet can subjugate the three Baltic countries within a few hours; the fourth, the Finland of Mannerheim and Hackzell, is already its ally. It can at the same time assist in the transport of troops across the Baltic Sea to the coast, and above all it can in the best possible way convey to the front those great masses of heavy technical war material without which a modern offensive is inconceivable—artillery, tanks, transport material, ammunition, stores, etc., and food supplies.

The German mercantile marine, with its 4½ million tons (compared with 5½ million before the war), again today the third largest in the world, only behind Britain and the U.S.A., is, under the protection of the navy, ideal for executing this task. It can accumulate for the attack a vast mass of technical war material in the land-approaches to Leningrad, which no existing railway system in the east could do. That means a great deal; in view of the character of modern war, everything. The German naval base and the German land base supplement each other and seem to combine in a really powerful starting position; and



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the unfavorable strategic situation of Leningrad itself seemingly fits in with this tendency. Strategically, therefore, Leningrad is the given point for a German attack in the East.

IV

Politically it is so at least to the same extent. Leningrad is the most important political and moral (if no longer economic) center in the Soviet Union after Moscow, the seat and the birthplace of the Revolution, in the eyes of the Socialist Soviet people and in the eyes of the surrounding world something of the very marrow of Russia and something of the very marrow of the Soviet system. This means two things. The taking of Leningrad would (according to German calculations) inflict a mighty, perhaps mortal, shock on the moral stability and the militant will of the Socialist nation; would bring panic and uncertainty to the whole front of the Soviet masses. And this same conquest, through the same moral effect, would operate towards the other side; would awaken and mobilize the Russian counter-revolution, the old overthrown class of the bourgeoisie and the kulaks, which, in the opinion of the Fascist strategists, is not yet dead.

'Leningrad taken by Hitler!' That would mean immediately afterward: 'New Russian Fascist Government established in Leningrad!' It is indeed clear straight away that the first act of a victorious German army of occupation in Leningrad would be the proclamation of a 'new national Russian Government.' A Government which, actually, would constitute only a species of colonial administration, recruited from the last remaining scum of the unemployed Russian White Guardists, but which would have the practical task of organizing, with the help of German troops (and bombing planes), a new governmental Fascism proclaiming its installation in the old capital city!

The Nazis have their Russian colonial cadres—that is the purpose of the Russian Division of the Eastern Fascist League. And, according to their calculations, the capture of Leningrad is the best starting-point, the best inflammatory spark, for kindling simultaneously with the external military thrust against the Soviet Union an internal, political disintegration in her hinterland. In this aspect there is hidden in actual fact one of the most important ideas in the entire German plan. The Fascist strategists think that this perspective may possibly spare them the necessity of the further, lengthy march to Moscow—even after the occupation of Leningrad an almost inconceivable task—or at any rate lighten and simplify it to an extraordinary extent. The main thing is to have first of all taken by storm a vital political center of Socialism. And Leningrad is that.

Upon this basic idea is built up the entire strategic composition for the war in the east, as in its time the campaign of 1914 was built up on the advance of von Kluck's right wing through Belgium against Paris. The 'Eastern' Schlieffen thrust also takes place in the north. It is the *left wing* of the Fascist crusade in the area between the Arctic Ocean and the Black Sea which is to play the leading rôle. The general attack on Leningrad is the key operation against Moscow. From there the rest of the plan of campaign develops.

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What, according to the German plan of operations, is the task of the *right wing* of the Crusade Army, that in the south, which meanwhile is extended on a front of 530 miles in the Ukraine and on the Black Sea? Here, too, as in White Russia, the army of Hitler's Polish allies, so long as it is on its own, could only occupy in the main a defensive position against the many times superior Soviet army, and endeavor at all costs to hold the front. To expect any other tactics in this initial period—for instance, an immediate Polish general offensive in the direction of the Dnieper—would (apart from diversion maneuvers) be a mistake in view of the existing ratio of forces. But this defensive would only be the introduction to an offensive, which is to take place here, too, on the southern right wing, so soon as the condition for it has been fulfilled: the *formation on the Danube* and the march down the Danube of the *Second Fascist Army* against the Soviet Union, composed of all those Nazi allies in southeast Europe which already now are working for Hitler politically and which the moment war breaks out will at once begin to operate for him militarily—defined in brief: the Army of the 'Southeast Fascist League.'

The moment when war breaks out, and when the German divisions in Saxony and Bavaria cross the Czech and the Austrian frontier, the following may occur with almost automatic precision. The Austrian Nazis rise in Vienna, in the Steiermark and in the Tyrol. The Bohemian Nazis of Henlein's 'Heimat Front' rise in northern Czechoslovakia and march on Prague, which on the other side, from the south, is attacked by the Hungarian divisions of Horthy, allied with Germany. The Rumanian Fascists come forward in Bucharest and, with the support of court and army circles, demand adhesion to the new reactionary Danubian Entente. Machines from the aerodromes of Dresden and Budapest assist this process. And the whole thing means militarily nothing other than the *reëstablishment in a new form of the former Austro-Hungarian Army*, once more allied with Germany and once more effective for Germany in the southern sector of Europe. And then this army, as if resurrected from the ashes of 1918, of St. Germain and Trianon, gets on the march: thither, where it stood once before in 1914–18, to start the attack on the Ukraine.

V

So simply, when translated into military terms, can the whole seeming political confusion reigning in the Danubian zone be explained in the main even today. The army of some new Marshal Conrad von Hötzendorff, who this time will be merely one of Hitler's subordinate officers, will once again attempt to storm Kiev: in order to occupy the great Ukrainian grain zone, to paralyze the Russian Black Sea fleet, to set up a Government of separatist Ukrainian Fascism (as in Leningrad), to threaten the Russian coal center in the Don Basin and the Russian oil center in the Caucasus—in sum, in order to drive a wedge into the Soviet Union, already attacked in the north, from the south as well! That is the plan for the right wing of the crusade. And since this time, unlike 1914–17, this army is to be reinforced by twenty-five to thirty Polish divisions (the entire Polish military forces number about fifty to sixty divisions;

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the remainder must be in White Russia), it hopes that its attack will be more powerful than ever. If it is not successful, then, to be sure, the shape of things might radically alter and the perspective of a Fascist march of triumph on Kiev turns into the perspective of a popular Socialist and progressive uprising on the Danube against the war-mongers. If, however, it should be successful, then the two wedges aimed at the flanks of the Soviet power, Leningrad and Kiev, are intended to convulse the heart of this power, Moscow.

Thus, gradually and with plastic distinctness, the chief military outlines of this 'neo-Napoleonic' plan, which is intended to kill the country of 175 million Socialists and of 8¼ million square miles, becomes defined. It is a plan for *two* large-scale operations, two mighty Fascist campaigns from the Vistula-Danube line to the Dvina-Dnieper line: the decisive, most intensive, tempestuous offensive of the left wing in the north, leaning on the Baltic Sea; the secondary, later offensive of the right wing in the south, aimed at the Black Sea; and a combined, balancing movement in the center. This disposition only slightly recalls Napoleon's similar conception of 1812, which foresaw a secondary march by the left wing of the '*Grande Armée*' (Marshal Macdonald and the Prussian Corps) against the Baltic, a secondary march by the right wing (Prince Schwarzenberg and the Austrian Corps) to South Russia, and the main operation, under Napoleon himself and with French forces, in the center—against Warsaw, Smolensk, and Moscow.

But the strategic plan of the *Grande Armée* of 193? is no accident, no arbitrary combination devised by some military theorist in the German Ministry of War. It corresponds with the map and the disposition of dying European capitalism of today. It corresponds, with its two operations, on the one hand with the economic and political dynamic of German imperialism (being the center motive power), on the other hand with the grouping of the Fascist forces in Europe. At the same time, however, it is founded on a fatal error: a decisive misjudgment of the military strength of the Soviet Union, a confusion of her purely geographical strategic map with the real military and political power inwardly filling this map. . . .

VI

Once Leningrad is occupied, the further direct route to Moscow will, it is calculated, lie open from there, straight along the October Railway (the former Nikolai Railway), a distance of about 375 miles, interrupted by no large river or other natural obstacle. The German army coming from Leningrad would first advance 185 miles in the direction of the railway point of Bologoje, half-way to Moscow, establish a combined front with the Polish army, which in the meantime (after the supposed retreat of the Red Army in the north) has reached Smolensk, and thus seize Moscow from the east in a vice at a relatively short distance (roughly 200 miles). This, however, is part of the second phase of the whole plan, the third phase of which is Hitler's entry into the Kremlin. We do not intend here to carry the analysis of modern German strategy and of the crusade-mysticism that far. The attack on

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A young Cambridge don analyzes the sources of the layman's pleasure in science, and a well-known humorist and Member of Parliament speculates jocularly on the future of television.

Two Essays *on* Science

I. The Enjoyment of Science

By Dr. C. P. Snow

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THERE is a pleasant surprise which comes to most of those professionally engaged in science: that is, the odd, the widespread, the almost reverential interest that non-scientific acquaintances take in their pursuits. Scientists are accustomed, by the whole weight of a literary tradition, to think of their work as of no conceivable significance to anyone outside the laboratories and the departmental discussion-groups; it is a shock, sometimes an embarrassing but on the whole a heartening shock, to realize how far that insular feeling is from being true. As a matter of fact, there is a vivid interest and delight in scientific things from the strangest variety of people: retired colonels of the Indian Army have strong and often ingenious views upon the theory of numbers, and communicate them to mathematicians they have never met; men who control newspapers with the utmost ferocity hear that Dirac is the greatest theoretical physicist since Newton, travel to Cambridge and lurk outside the Wilderness of St. John's in order to see him return from his afternoon walk.

Anyone who knows a little science has had this sort of experience; myself, on the strength of having admitted to a scientific training, I was once held in conversation about the general theory of relativity by a young German lawyer on a Mediterranean beach; the sea was bright and smooth, the air smelt of sunburn oil, I was disinclined to think—but he persisted: 'These are the most fascinating ideas in the world,' he said.

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'How I wish I could understand them. Perhaps you can explain . . .' and he drew diagrams eagerly, with his finger in the sand. At last he went away, swimming meditatively. Then he returned. '*Still* I do not see,' he said. 'Perhaps . . .'

The number of professional scientists in the world is very small beside all the others who obtain a genuine enjoyment from hearing of science at second-hand. That is not altogether an unimportant fact; for our civilization, if it does not break down completely, will call increasingly on science, and those living in it will find it alien unless they understand the mechanism they use. There is an imperative need for science to linger less in obscurity than it has done in the past; if it is to be presented effectively, we shall have to make the greatest use of the enjoyment that it can bring to men's minds.

It would be a pity to repeat the mistakes that were made when science was first brought into the schools: the educators either did not take interest into account or else misunderstood it, so that, basing their method on a mixture of tradition and wrong theory, they made science more arid than any genealogy of Hebrew kings. We have all suffered from that intolerable tedium of 'elementary' chemistry, with its cookery-book recipes and the nitwitted laws called by solemn names, like the Law of Simple Multiple Proportions. To undergo a course like that may be, like the O.T.C. and Latin grammar, an admirable training for the character; but it is bound to repel most people from science for ever.

Above all, we must avoid making those mistakes again; if science is to play its part in our culture, we have to begin by understanding the mental satisfactions that it can provide. The schoolmaster has had too long a run in the exposition of science; his thin voice has fluted away the interest that can be aroused in four out of five intelligent men; it is time we realized that there is enjoyment to be found in science, and tried to understand the nature of the pleasure, so that we can either experience it or add to it ourselves.

There seem to be two different pleasures, in fact, which men gain from accounts of scientific work (I mean people who are not in any way scientists, although actually much the same division would be true of scientists themselves and of those who, without being creative workers, have received a scientific education). There is the first, the obvious pleasure of seeing the external world brought to heel: the enjoyment of being able to control the world of matter, either vicariously or through one's own hands.

The delight with which Russian peasants watch their tractors working; or the almost hysterical enthusiasm over the *Queen Mary;* or the pride with which someone runs his hands over the knobs of a wireless set —they are forms of a pleasure which we all have and which, if one has to put down a shorthand description more likely to conceal than reveal the truth, depends upon a sense of immediate power. The desire for such a power has been an inspiration, of course, to scientists at all times; Leonardo designing his airplane must have had something of the same gratification as a humble amateur nowadays intent on the dubious images of television flickering on his screen. It

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has perhaps been the chief inspiration of the majority of scientists, the desire to have one's way through knowledge and invention; and the pleasure of its realization belongs to us all, as we read of the new cure for pernicious anæmia or watch an airplane across the sky.

There is no need to consider it a superficial pleasure; we like to see the wheels go round, but also we like to know what is moving them—not simply for the pure knowledge, but so that we may make them go round faster. In this way the process leads us from the events in the external world over which we want control back to the scientific laws by which they can be understood; when the scientific laws are really known, then the events we started with, the wheels we watched going round, are at our mercy. That process has led to some of the greatest discoveries in the history of science. It is the foundation of what can be loosely called the materialist theory of scientific investigation. It is the philosophic justification of the devotion to science in the U.S.S.R. It is a worthy pleasure that many get from the contemplation of its results; the more that is understood about science's control, both now and in the future, of the external world, the more likely our society will arrange itself so as to take advantage of the new, the scarcely imaginable powers.

II

But although that pleasure is the deepest that science can give to many people, it is not the only one; and there are some, profoundly moved by science, in whom it scarcely exists at all. It is these whom the scientific educators of the nineteenth century (men of simple and practical minds, oddly like the scientific apologists in Russia today) particularly neglected. Instead of being excited by the prospect of controlling the external world they remain unmoved; in fact, their delight in science is not its power over the world of matter, but what it can tell them of the 'reality' beneath it.

This 'reality' may be unphilosophical; the starker materialist definition of science may be more tenable in thought, as well as more useful in action; the pleasure in the abstract for its own sake is assailed both from the extreme materialist and extreme idealist sides; but it exists, it is merely blindness to deny it. The retired colonels who amuse themselves with the mysterious properties of numbers are moved neither by a desire to alter their material environment nor by a religious intimation; my young German lawyer indulged his passion for the theory of relativity, not for a practical end however remote, but simply because he enjoyed it, because the atmosphere of these ideas gave him a satisfaction that his intellect could find in no other place.

And his pleasure is shared by many; that is why, of course, Sir James Jeans sells his tens of thousands. If we do not approve of his presentation—and there are a good many reasons why we should not—it rests with us to provide a pleasure after the same pattern. People who are longing for ideas, who want to hear about the Uncertainty Principle and what the Quantum Theory means, are not to be satisfied with an account of the latest kind of unbreakable glass. Somehow we have to cope with the appetite for the abstract. There are all sorts of dangers;

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but, if the task is done with honesty and clearsightedness, that eagerness to follow, even without fully understanding, wherever the intellect may lead, is one of the more hopeful things in the world.

Even without fully understanding—perhaps of all the dangers, that phrase is the most acute. For, unfortunately, it seems that this pleasure in the abstract can not only rest content without complete understanding—it tends to be greatest where there is a maximum of haze. If the first pleasure reduced to its lowest terms was a love of power, then this is the delight of losing oneself in the warm, nostalgic fog of mystery (although I believe there are other components, sterner and more valuable). It is seen most commonly in those scientific fields where the untrained listener must of necessity be in a state of comfortable bewilderment: relativity is an example where the pleasure comes not only from trying to understand, but also from the feeling that there is something beyond understanding. And so with the astronomical ideas, the expanding and finite universes, the quantum mechanical atom—people without a scientific training revel in these abstractions, half because of a genuine intellectual curiosity, and half because of the feeling that here at last, in a shallow and obvious world, is something that will never lose all its mystery.

It is not easy to tell them that they have no right to this feeling: that they are stopping half-way and denying science its fulfilment, even while they are enjoying it. It is not easy, and if it will kill their enjoyment, it should not be done. For, while they are tasting this pleasure, there is the chance that they will go a little further and secure one that lies deeper; they may, sometimes they do, realize that by going beyond the comfortable mystery they might come to a lucidity which is the aim of science and, in the moments one possesses it, the highest enjoyment it can give.

II. Some Thoughts on Television

By A. P. Herbert

From the *Listener*, Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Company

[*Mr. Herbert, who took part in the film* Cover to Cover, *which was included in the first television demonstration at Radiolympia, has written his first impressions of television in this special article for the* Listener.]

WE are all afraid of being excessively 'national' now; but the first thought, surely, should be that Mr. Baird and the Marconi-E.M.I. experts have scored a Big Scoop for Britain. Mr. Jesse Owens may jump a long way, but they can jump a little farther. Marconi brought all the sounds of the world into the parlors of the world: and our present inventors will be remembered with him as the men who brought the sights.

But the second thought must be: do we want them? Are the inventors planetary benefactors or cosmic nuisances? I have every reason to be prejudiced against them. For it must

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be a shock to see oneself for the first time both filmed and 'televized' in a single operation. We grow hardened to the sight of our own faces; and by degrees, I think, we almost come to see ourselves as others see us—at least, in repose. But no man hears his own voice as others hear it: and, I can assure you, it is a horrid sound. Nor do we ever see ourselves in motion (unless we are one of those politicians who are reported to rehearse their speeches before a looking-glass). I see now that I must really dig out that upper denture and try to wear it regularly—at least for oratory. I owe this to the inventors. It is very good for one to see and hear oneself, however frightful one is: indeed, the more frightful the better; and I think that all public speakers—perhaps all citizens—ought to suffer it.

But why did they cut out my close-up, and the only intelligent remark I made—indeed, the climax of my reluctant utterance? By that time, I was growing accustomed to the discomfort of wearing make-up and lipstick—yes, *lipstick!*—and trying to remember words while goggling into a camera and being dazzled and roasted by the lights. My close-up, I thought, revealed a new film-star (except, perhaps, for that upper denture). My final remarks would have struck a salutary note in every home. All cut. What a world!

So, I repeat, I have every temptation to give television a good caning. But I do not think it would have much effect. If anybody supposes that this is one of those fancy tricks which 'will never come to much' he makes a great mistake. Everyone who saw the first public demonstration must have been surprised by the great strides which have been made. One thinks, naturally, of the early stages of the films. But this thing, already, seems to have advanced much farther than that. True, at present there is the same tendency to flicker, the same irregularity of lighting: some scenes that I saw were brilliantly clear, others incomprehensibly obscure. But this was necessarily a makeshift demonstration. The thing is in its infancy: but it is *there*.

The instrument which I saw was a little taller than the high-class radiogram, and about as wide. It would cost now, I was told, about £100. So did the 'radiogram' in the early days. I know nothing about cathode rays. I have no notion what technical problems remain to be defeated; but I suppose that within a couple of years the telephotogram, or whatever it is called, will, like the radiogram, be within the range, at least, of the suburban income and ultimately will be as much a commonplace of the home as the telephone or wireless today. We shall do as we have all done about those invaders; we shall be mocking, rebellious, irritated, facetious, but, poor sheep that we are, *we shall have to have it*. What then?

II

Well, what troubles me—especially after that affair of the denture—is the thought of the plain singer and the nervous lecturer or speaker. The decent darkness of the wireless has been a godsend to them. But, once vision is available, I suppose we shall all greedily insist upon vision. The Talk without the Talker will be considered dull: Plain Jane, and Shy Simon, and Toothless Tom will be driven off the market; Beauty will regain her unfair

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advantage; and the speaker with a film face or 'a way with him' will oust unhandsome intellect or unshaven learning. This I believe to be a real possibility; for many an unskilled or timid speaker who can escape misfortune on the air, or even face to face with a charitable audience, will excite nothing but impolite laughter on the screen. And then, it is bad enough to have to worry about that denture: but if one must be 'made-up' and lipsticked every time one delivers a Message to the Nation, public life will become intolerable.

This latest miracle fills me with odd, inconsequent thoughts. For example, will it be possible, I wonder, to switch off the sound and retain the sight? This would enhance the wicked satisfaction of cutting off what one dislikes. One could continue to gaze at the golden girl who *will* sing sharp, without having to listen to her. And if we must keep 'two sets in every home' one could have Hitler mouthing in one corner of the drawing-room and Stalin grimacing in another—and not a sound from either.

But I wonder, next, whether the Great Men will consent to have their harangues accompanied by their faces in the home. Tempting, politically; but dangerous. Most of them have dentures—or ought to have. For set orations, perhaps the technique of the news-reel could be employed; and when the Hero spoke of 'the Dawn' or 'Golden Harvest,' an appropriate picture could replace his countenance. But that, too, would be dangerous, because of the operator's power of selection. The statesman might only be shown when he was looking silly. I must again refer to my close-up.

Another thought. After-dinner speeches. All very well: a good banquet is a fine picture. But does the Hero want to be seen discussing Poverty in a boiled shirt, with a glass of port, two liqueurs and a fat cigar in front of his right leg? And then—the House of Commons. This invention may reopen that question. The broadcasting of a debate has always seemed to me to be a poor proposition; but if the House could be seen, especially on a big occasion, it might be quite another thing. But I hope that no one will propose to lipstick Mr. Baldwin.

It is a far cry, no doubt, to that and other developments. Television *cum* telephone—a hideous possibility! Never again would the badgered public man be able to pretend that he was his brother, or his butler. The hidden television-set—as a burglar-trap or spy? The Outside Broadcast—shall we see Ascot, as well as hear about it—and the fashionable ladies jockeying for position before the instrument? Will tele-stuff in the home 'kill' the cinema and the press? I think not. But man cannot acquire the gift of seeing through mountains and brick walls without setting himself some spiky Problems. The inventors and the B.B.C. will have to face the first of them. Meanwhile, they have done a big job for Britain, and I congratulate them all. But I am still in a rage about my close-up.

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Revealing the political significance of King Edward's recent vacation trip.

KING'S Holiday

By JEAN CHARLET

Translated from *Vu*,
Paris Topical Weekly

IT IS taken for granted that sovereigns have a right to everything except living out of the public eye. True, they rarely marry for State reasons; but, for all that, they are humble and obedient servants of the State. These champions of authority must submit to the same intensive and severe training as the kings of the ring and the princes of the screen.

Edward VIII-to-be felt very early the weight of his gilded chains of authority. Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester, Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles and Grand Steward of Scotland, Doctor *honoris causa* and President of many universities and societies, officer of the armies of land, sea and air, Colonel-in-chief of twenty regiments and holder of the grand cross of at least thirty orders, he accepted all this with good grace—he was 'playing the game,' as his subjects say.

Thus the royal Prince was brought up in the grand manner, but in a practical school. As he grew up, he began to understand perfectly the real tie the Windsor family represents to the emancipated nations of the British world Empire. Gifted with a remarkable team spirit, he undertook some years ago the great round-the-world trip which won him the honorable title of 'salesman of the Empire.' King Edward VIII also possesses that other truly British quality of good sense—or, as the English wrongly call it, *common* sense. It is already a long time since he forsook the innocent enjoyment he got out of playing Beau Brummel. It is his younger brother, Prince George, the Duke of Kent, who is now the leader in the fashion world—together with Anthony Robert Eden, who also fulfills the functions of His Majesty's Chief Secretary of Foreign Affairs.

The King, who loves French literature and knows it thoroughly, sometimes repeats for his own edification Voltaire's warning: 'He who has not the spirit of his age will reap all the

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misfortunes of that age.' But Edward VIII has naught to fear on that score: like his grandfather, he has known all its snobberies and he certainly knows all its virtues.

This modern monarch travels by plane when it is necessary. But this time he took a vacation—a diplomat's vacation. Skirting the boot of Italy, he anchored his yacht along the Dalmatian coast. The representative of the commercial firm of Great Britain and Company, Ltd., paid a visit to its clients. Clients in the Roman sense of the word. Why not?

The ship *Britannia*, accustomed to ruling the waves, has lately found itself in a rather dangerous whirlpool. Two reefs appeared in the path of the imperial vessel: Italy and the U.S.S.R. Italy, which for years had been London's docile though brilliant second, suddenly became first a potential enemy and then an effective source of discomfiture. Because of Italy Sir Samuel Hoare fell at the end of 1935 somewhat as Delcassé had fallen thirty years before on account of Germany. The whole Abyssinian affair, the pitiful story of sanctions, black shirts on the banks of Lake Tana, the threat to the route to India—these are some of the factors of the confusion in which the British Empire—that Empire that is used to 'losing all battles except the last one'—found itself. Italy's imperial policy—in Africa and in the Mediterranean—is in flagrant opposition to the most vital British interests. English statesmen can now think of nothing but the effective means for reëstablishing the balance (naturally in England's favor) as soon as possible.

The second reef: the Soviets. This is a danger dating from long before yesterday. Above all, it constitutes a danger to the vast colonial Empire, to India, the spheres of influence in China, etc. Today it threatens the colonies; tomorrow it will perhaps threaten the Mother Country. And that is why the English Trade Unions are basically anti-Communist. In his latest address Sir Walter Citrine, England's Jouhaux, expressed himself so bitterly on the subject of Moscow that the members of the Independent Labor Party dubbed it 'a regular Goebbels speech.'

It was to combat these two perils, black and red, that the royal yacht set out on its travels. It attacked both red and black on the political chessboard.

II

The very existence of the vast Empire depends upon its mastery of the seas, upon the 'state of health,' if one may use the phrase, of the routes which link the parts of the British Commonwealth of Nations together. It is the richest jewel in Edward's crown—one which gave him the title of Emperor of India. The Statute of Westminster, passed in 1931, had, it is true, considerably weakened the union of the Dominions. But the committee for the defense of the Empire had made up for that by tightening up the communications.

Great Britain is not, in its domestic aspects, a totalitarian State like Germany, Italy or Russia. But the British Empire by its very definition constitutes a totalitarian unit. This means that in the matter of intra-imperial connections the powers at Whitehall are no longer content with a few routes: they want them all!

Thus the connection between the

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United Kingdom and India is now effected by three principal routes—I shall spare you an account of the supplementary routes which are at the disposal of the Ship of State. The three imperial lines are: (1) the route through the Mediterranean and the Suez Canal; (2) the modernized route skirting the Cape; (3) the air line (the strategic one; for commercial lines take an entirely different course).

Let us take up the Mediterranean first. A year ago the Admiralty was thinking of disarming Malta, of decreasing the Gibraltar forces and of concentrating all its Mediterranean forces in the east, namely at Haifa, the terminus of the English branch of the Kirkuk pipe-line (which carries the petroleum of Irak and Mossul), and at Akaba (the naval and air base in the Red Sea), which is close to four frontiers—those of Egypt, Palestine, Transjordania, and Saudi Arabia. At that time Strabolgi was even considering abandoning Cyprus in favor of the small Greek island of Cephalonia, not far from Corfu; he would have liked to see a naval base at Ergastoli in Cephalonia. At the same time the Captain of the Royal Navy, Danckwerts, visited authorities in Paris in order to come to some aggreement between the French and British fleets.

Because of the events in Ethiopia and the tension between Italy and Great Britain all these plans were partially abandoned. The first Lord of the Admiralty, who followed hard upon the heels of Admiral Edward VIII in his last long trip, and who is none other than Sir Samuel Hoare in person, inspected the Mediterranean, which was to become *Mare Nostrum*—but England's rather than Italy's.

Reinforcement of Gibraltar (from the land side); fortifying of Malta so that that place, which is so exposed to air attacks, could nevertheless serve as a depot and an auxiliary base; considerable addition to the Cyprus defence force—a final point of the line of defence at Haifa and Akaba and along the Egyptian coast; a friendly understanding with France on the subject of the eventual utilization of Bizerte—so much for Route No. 1.

At the same time complete modernization of the old route around Africa; the first port to be Gibraltar, the second Sierra Leone, the third Capetown-Simonstown; each with its air and naval bases; nearby and next on the road Zanzibar, the Seychelle Islands, and Maurice Island; then these two keys to the Indian Ocean—another British *Mare Nostrum*—Ceylon and Singapore.

To deal with the third—aerial—route to India: without touching the territories of foreign Powers (which is done, however, by the Imperial Airways) the great hydroplanes take off from London for Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria, pass through Ammân (the capital of Transjordania), through Bagdad, Basra, the Bahrein Islands (in the Persian Gulf), until they reach Karachi, Delhi and Calcutta. If one realizes that in itself the route to India is merely a branch of the connecting line between China and Australia, that this route passes through Rangoon and Singapore, where it divides into routes to Hongkong and Australia, one may perhaps get an idea of what the British Empire really is!

To keep the triple route to India in good condition is a vital necessity for the Empire. The Mediterranean, as it was decided in London, is a section

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of this route. Accordingly King Edward VIII, a smile on his lips, sailed along in his little ship in the capacity of 'salesman of the Empire,' but charged with a special mission.

III

First of all the King alighted upon that marvelous coast of Dalmatia—once Illyria—where Byzantines, Neapolitans, Venetians, Turks and Austrians one after the other kept their respective rendezvous. Dalmatia sacrificed its hopes of independence to the idea of Yugoslavian unity, and with its position on the Adriatic it now presents a striking analogy to the strategic position of the eastern Mediterranean coast. This much was reported by the emissaries of the British Intelligence Service at the very start, and the King himself, together with the Very Honorable Alfred Duff-Cooper, the Minister of War, has confirmed it.

Great Britain's royal family is doubly connected with the Karageorgeviches of Yugoslavia: was not the young King Peter's grandmother, the Dowager Queen Marie of Rumania, born Princess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and a Royal Princess of Great Britain and Ireland? And on the other hand is not Prince Regent Paul connected through his wife, *née* Princess Olga of Greece, to the Duke of Kent, the younger brother of Edward VIII, and the Princess's brother-in-law?

In the middle of the twentieth century it is rare to find a King actively engaged in politics; but it is downright amazing, if he consents to do this, to find him doing it in the capacity of 'the State's first servant,' and utilizing his family connections to serve British interests.

Dynastic ties, a distrust of the U.S.S.R., and the desire to form a defensive front against Italy have made King Edward play Yugoslavia as his trump card. Split was made into a British bastion on the Adriatic; an excellent Yugoslavian garrison, famed for its courage, stands guard over it. It was recently reinforced by the heavy armaments industry which the Vickers Company installed in Yugoslavia; this industry has at the head of its board of directors a general who used to be chief of staff of the British troops in France.

Prince Regent Paul tells anybody who wants to listen that he found Edward a charming visitor. Mr. Stoyadinovich, the energetic President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs, congratulates himself upon his negotiations with the British. As for the hotel-owners of the Dalmatian coast, some of them have, it seems, done an excellent business by selling to tourists, particularly Americans, the knives, forks, plates, etc., which were used by the Duke of Lancaster—the name under which Edward VIII travels 'incognito.' For Edward VIII is not only a King but an attraction of the first order. . . .

King George of Greece, who is connected with Edward VIII through the House of Denmark and through his wife Elisabeth, *née* a Princess of Rumania, certainly owes his crown to Great Britain. Because of its position on land and sea, Greece occupies a very important post in the Balkans and in the Mediterranean, and its importance has been growing steadily since the Anglo-Italian quarrel. But Greece is a country of 'pronuncia-

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mento.' One cannot count upon it unless one takes particular pains about it. Accordingly it fitted in perfectly with London's political aims to have the King inspect the beauties of ancient Greek art. It was easy for Edward VIII and Mr. Duff-Cooper to explain to the Hellenes that the rôle which Rome once played in the world is played today by Great Britain, and not by Italy. . . . Particularly was it necessary to attend to General Metaxas, who plays the part of a dictator and greatly admires Mussolini. King Edward devoted some time to the royalist General, granting him several interviews. Mr. Duff-Cooper, author of a brilliant biography of Talleyrand, talked politics and army with him. With the aid of some golden sovereigns, supplied for the occasion by a director of the Hambros Bank, Ltd., the country of George II rallied in its entirety around the aims expounded by his London cousin.

The British Admiralty professed its willingness to assume the task of keeping up the Greek navy, and the 'City,' more obedient to its Government's desires than many other great banks abroad, is to lay the economic and financial foundations of the political agreements planned by Albion.

IV

The vacation trip continued. Edward VIII remarked: '*Ex oriente lux!*' But he meant the Near East. The King was able to achieve a little masterpiece of diplomacy in Turkey by adopting the French idea that it is Kemal Ataturk's country that constitutes the pivotal power of the Eurasian region. The 'sick man of Europe' of pre-War days has now become a strapping fellow full of strength and solidly set upon his reduced but organized domain. For fifteen years France had tried in vain to persuade England of the importance of Turkey as a factor in world affairs. The political evolution of Turkey and particularly the devotion to legality the Turks showed at Montreux served to change London's point of view. It was only after the King's voyage and after the conversations he had with Kemal Ataturk and the chief Ministers of the Ankara Government that English Near Eastern policy was clarified. The Admiralty has made every concession in order to give back to the Turks the key to the Dardanelles; but the Ottoman army now holds it in trust for Britain.

Thus Russia, which had been counting heavily upon Turkish docility, now beholds a somewhat disquieting development: Russia's age-old dream of securing Byzantium—which they call 'Tsargrad' or the 'Tsar's city'—has fallen through—into the water of the fortified straits. Istanbul remains Turkish; but the British lion controls the city. Turkey has abandoned the Kremlin and has turned to Saint James's Palace.

It is obvious that the agreement which will soon be concluded between Turkey and Egypt will only increase British prestige in the Near East. England needs to keep up friendly relations with the Islamic world and the latter does not ask that Colonel Lawrences be sent to it. King Edward has modernized the old adage about Eastern Europe, that 'God is very high and the Emperor is very far away.' He made Allah himself descend to bless the 'Emperor of India.'

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And he has shown himself to be a monarch who is concerned with every part of his vast Empire.

V

It is impossible to travel through southeastern Europe without stopping at Vienna, the decayed capital of fourteen nations, which ruled the Balkans before the War and which still regards them greedily today. Nevertheless, Austria, her Hapsburg Eagle shorn of its claws, is always pleasant and enchanting as a tourist country; the quondam Prince of Wales certainly retained the happiest memories of Kitzbühel, the Tyrolean resort which he likes to visit as his grandfather, Edward VII, loved Marienbad and Karlsbad.

You will tell me that it is not worth the trouble of reading a political article to learn about the state of 'tourism' in Austria. Agreed; but still in his 'private life' Edward VIII does know all these trifling but real enjoyments. And now I am going to tell something about Austria that many politicians do not know.

After the crash of 1918 and the dissolution of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, the bankers and industrialists of all countries—particularly English, French, Belgians, Swiss, Americans, Germans and Italians—profited by the exceptional chance to buy up dirt-cheap all the money-making concerns or those that had the reputation of being money-making. With some Governmental help and complaisance the foreign financiers managed to become so deeply involved in the economic life of the Danubian countries that there resulted a sort of bizarre inter-penetration that disregarded completely the established national frontiers and only had to do with profits, influence and power. You need only take a cross-section of any large industrial concern in Austria and you will always find this strange international jumble, which is controlled from London, Brussels or Zurich and the ramifications of which may as well be in Zagreb as in Budapest, or in Sofia or Bucharest. And in pursuing your studies you will learn as an incontestable fact that economics can always beat politics and that Austria's beautiful capital has some resemblance to the New York curb market, that behind-the-wings market which is carried on by the side of the official Exchange and which is, indeed, lucrative but not very respectable.

It goes without saying that the Vienna conversations were limited by the very nature of the position of Austria, which is forced to strike a balance between Berlin and Rome. But in talking things over very amiably with President Miklas, Chancellor von Schuschnigg, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Guido Schmidt and the Hungarian Minister of Foreign Affairs Mr. de Kanya, Edward VIII was very well aware of the importance of the Austro-Hungaro-Italian bloc on one hand and the Reich's influence on Vienna and Budapest on the other.

Czechoslovakia did not interest the King particularly. The fact that military collaboration with the Soviets was already a *fait accompli* there was not of a nature to enrage a monarch who had just succeeded in bringing about, with much finesse, a marked coolness in the relations between Ankara and Moscow. On the other

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hand, in order to get an idea of the extent of revisionist tendencies, Edward had had a conference with Boris III of Bulgaria before visiting Vienna. Thus he received information at first hand on the possibilities of Bulgaria's eventual adherence to the Balkan alliance and how much it would cost him.

Even as the British colonies, if considered rationally, constitute links which together form a logical edifice of imperial unity and defensive power, so King Edward's pleasure trip was a sequence of premeditated political contacts of the highest importance at the present time. Nothing was left to chance; and even the variety of the negotiations, which might have made the orientation of some of the aims pursued by the King somewhat difficult, was certainly desired and even counted on beforehand.

If you were present at some ceremony in England you would certainly be struck, as I was, by the veritable cult of the Royal Family and the nobility, which even the humblest subjects, living in the slums, share. The King of England therefore needed only to hold on to his symbolic constitutional rôle, which he would have shared with his younger brothers and even with his nieces, the daughters of the Duke of York. Such a rôle, however, is repugnant to Edward, who is a modern king in the fullest sense of the word. And since a sovereign's authority and initiative may render invaluable services to the Empire, the King does what is demanded of him without hesitation. He certainly keeps in mind the motto on the Prince of Wales' coat of arms '*Ich dien*—I serve.'

We do not pretend to have reviewed all the steps of Edward's short but fruitful trip. It seems to us, however, that all the King's conversations should be divided into two large classes: first, the constructive negotiations, which strengthened the new British policy in southeastern Europe; and, second, the so-called 'informative contacts,' which provided His Majesty's Government with supplementary facts only the King could obtain.

It is in this second category that we must put Edward's interview with the ex-King of Spain, Alfonso XIII—an interview which certainly did not result in any commitment at this time, when the European situation is so difficult. Nevertheless, if we consult outward signs to find out where Great Britain's interests lie, we may be allowed to insist upon the fact that only three monarchs alone have been granted the baton of British marshaldom: one is dead—King Albert; the second is no longer a sovereign—Alfonso; the last is becoming every day more precious to Great Britain—the Mikado.

Belgium, Spain, Japan.

As we have said before, the totalitarian Empire is very much interested in its neighbors, which means the whole world, or almost. And since the Commonwealth has free-trade ideas, its policy is that of a good merchant: Great Britain fulfills all her obligations but she is clever enough not to commit herself to anything unless it cannot be avoided.

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An English author writes a short story about two unemployed men 'on the road.'

Main Road

By V. S. PRITCHETT

From the *New Statesman and Nation*, London Independent Weekly of the Left

AT THE close of a December evening when the roads are like slugs, oozy and gleaming in the cold, two workless and sodden men were shambling along, lost in the side lanes of now silent country. The hugging darkness had come down to the roots of the trees and the fields. The houses with their yellow dabs of oil light had scattered and thinned away. Blistered and squelching and gone past the cravings of hunger into a hunched, mechanic misery, the two men went on in a stupor. It was their third day on the road, and, no longer exchanging any words, cursing the lanes which had snared them into homeless, foodless darkness, they seemed to be groping round and round in a pit. Now, they would almost sooner have found a main road than a plate of beef.

Suddenly the old one who was ahead stopped dead and then broke into a weak, gasping hobble.

''Ere y'are,' he called.

Without warning, after a sudden rise, the lane had finished. They were out of it. They stood—oh miracle of miracles!—upon a main road. They gazed upon it with awe, stupefied. Straight as a dull sword it carved the country in two, lightless, soundless, without signposts; and with it the double rows of telegraph poles and the low chopped hedges went.

And now the two men were appalled. Which way? After the winding roads this great one seemed to strike them like a plank flat in the face. It jerked the knees in their sockets. It was as hard as iron to the weak bones.

On this third day the object of their journey had been driven from their minds altogether. They did not care if they never got to the town where the factory and the jobs were said to be, nor where they slept. They had eaten poorly on the first two days when the adventure was young, but on this day the singing had stopped and the whistling. The only sounds all day had been the dazed singing in their heads, the gritting of their teeth.

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During the daytime, not work nor towns, but food had been their only thought. They ached and craved for it. Every step was for food, every glance sharpened the search for it, every sound was passed in judgment, every sight was questioned. The anarchy of hunger was in their bubbling bellies, which blew weakly out or cavernously sank.

Most of the time the younger one walked behind. Sometimes he had been only a few yards behind, sometimes the distance was twenty or thirty yards, once or twice it had been a quarter of a mile. He walked with belt tight and his hands in the sodden pockets of his overcoat, his straight shoulders perceptibly rounded over his chest. He was a man of thirty with spikes of gray about the ears; his eyes were steely, the skin of his face stretched over the set bitter bones. In his hunger he had begun to hate the man who was always in front.

He was a man near fifty, the older one, a man whose one-time florid corpulence had declined, like a leaking balloon, in two years of famine, to a bluish wobbling windiness. Dazed, vague, dreamy, his big arms lolling about loose, and with a lost look in his eyes, he stumbled ahead. Even when their hunger had started to put out claws he had continued to make jokes. They were always the same kind of joke.

'Cows doin' nicely,' was one of them.

'Show me a stew now an' I'd throw it back at you,' was another.

First of all the younger man had begun hating him because he always got ahead. Then he hated his back and his figure and his ridiculous top-heavy way of walking on his toes. He hated him because, in the intolerable space and emptiness of the country and of the sky as gray as a dead man's hand clasping it, it was necessary to hate someone. He hated him for being so bloody cocksure and humorous. He hated him for hearing of the job, thinking of the journey, for drinking their money on the second day, for leading this dance over the lanes when hunger had made them wander off the main road, so they were going round in circles, no doubt, like men lost in a forest—the forest of the cravings of hunger where everything reminds you of only one thing—looking for houses where there was food. But most of all he grew to hate the older man because it was the older man who started begging. The young one had never begged, refused to beg, hung back if begging was on the cards.

'The bloody old tramp!' he chewed away. 'I'd sooner sock a man in the jaw than beg.'

'And,' he would add when the old man came away from a back door where he had been refused, 'he doesn't get anything when he does beg.' Throughout the day the young one had looked at the baldish head of the older one, as he bared it with an absurd touch of ceremony at kitchen doors, with intensified disgust. He hated him when he tried, he hated him when he failed, and, finally, even more he got to hate him when, discouraged and dazed, he passed houses without begging at all.

II

The older man was innocently unaware of all this. In the afternoon they had come among people who lived in scattered shacks and bungalows. There

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were small holdings and gardens of vegetables, with patches of glass frame, and everyone had a few chickens. They were small, careful people, with a little nervous independence—small builders, small shopkeepers, small coal merchants, small pensioners. They bent digging in their holdings and spoke arrogantly with fright when the big fellow went to a back door and asked for food. They had small, raging dogs. The two men walked closer together in these places. Lights were now lit, the yellow country lights, dabbed among the smeared blackness of the trees.

The older man set the course. Instinctively he walked from light to light, stopping when he got to a lamp, wonderstruck because there was no food under it. Then on he went, lifting his feet high because of his blisters, the damp under his arms propping up his shoulders with spears of cold. Loosely his top teeth slid about on the lower ones; dazed and dreamy he walked. Tinned salmon, cabbage, suet pudding and cheese, he dreamed. Fish and chips, ham and eggs, spaghetti. Grass and rubbish heaps, dogs and cats. Thrushes, sparrows, chickens and canaries. In imagination he was grazing off everything he saw.

'We had a goat when I was a boy,' he said. 'And when it got a bit past it my ol' dad killed and skinned it.' He jogged on ruminating. 'Show me a bit of goat and I'll throw it back in your face.'

The other one didn't answer. Their breath was short. In a weak voice the big one continued:—

'Seagull. I knew a man who ate a seagull. The French eat horse. . . .

'Goose is another tough thing. Wild goose. When we was boys . . .'

'It's a bleedin' pity you're not a boy now,' called the younger man.

'What?' called back the old one over his shoulder, still walking.

And now the old fool was deaf. The young one strained himself to catch up. He gasped along with his mouth open. At last he got within a couple of yards of the old man.

'A bleedin' pity you're not a boy now,' the young one shouted out in a rage. Having got it home, he dropped back yard by yard.

After this they had been silent. The old one wobbled along, deeply injured by the reproach; no more he laughed, no more he begged.

III

Then, suddenly they had come upon the main road.

It was empty now. But when life came to this road it was not mean and made of little sounds, spade strokes, and footsteps as it had been in the lanes. Here, when life came, it was brilliant and roaring. Every few minutes fans of light would open slowly in the elms a mile ahead and then abruptly narrow and close; a few seconds would pass and then the long beams of a car's head lights would leap out and paint the poles and hedges gaudily with light. Long shadows rushed back from the two men, and then new shorter shadows jumped out of them, until in a cascade of rushing brilliance the car roared by and they were left like men slapped in the face, awakened. Gliding more slowly toward them and sloping to the camber of the road came soft two-decker buses. Like meat in a shop window the passengers seemed, women with full baskets, dry men with food

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inside them and pipes in their mouths. The two men stood upon the grass verge exalted by the light.

Now they were on the main road, the younger one took the lead. He lifted his head and stepped out. This was what he wanted. After the rasp of the wheels on this road its silences were icy and momentous. The cars whined and expired like shells across an empty planet wilderness. There was no sound of people. There were no animals moving in the fields. An appalling inhuman vacancy opened in the road. The younger one understood this. But before they had gone a mile the old man was craving for the sight of a lane in which, broken at last but sheltered, he could crawl and hide from these blinding lights that seemed to go clean through his mind, from these silences of iron. He was paralyzed. At the sight of the first signpost he hurried after his companion and got there with him.

'Lane,' he said breathlessly, lifting an arm. The hedges were high, a friendly warmth seemed to come from them. The young one was startled into stopping. The last mile had been vehement. Lane must lead somewhere. House? Light?

The old one's eyes swung about helplessly, pleading. 'Bloke,' he said. He hadn't strength to say more.

The young one was compelled to listen. The sound of footsteps was distinctly heard. He, too, heard the footsteps distantly in the lane coming nearer. The two men listened, the only sounds were from their breathing and the steps. Suddenly, the old man stumbled off down the lane toward the steps. The young one gaped but did not move. A figure dimly appeared in the darkness. It was a man. It was a youth. It was a youth with a small playful ball of light from a torch dancing round his feet.

'God!' exclaimed the young one, all the hatred of the day returning to his body, so that he clenched his fists. 'The old fool's going to beg! God, I'll . . .' He raised his fists.

But in spite of this he found himself making a few steps after the old man. He saw the youth was coming out of the black silence with a small raffia bag in his hand. He saw the old man move nearer the youth. He saw the youth stop. The younger one sidled up slowly, but, still hanging aloof, with burning reluctance as he always did when the old one begged. He stood scowling, with tears of craving in his eyes, and a cold shiver of rage and shame sprang through him when he heard the old man's voice.

'No. I haven't.' Distinctly he heard the youth's answer. The younger man's held breath went out and he unclenched his fists at the reply. He was beaten. He could have broken into tears; but when he saw the youth step aside making a half circle round the big fellow, afraid to lift the torch to his face, but half-raising it instead to shine on his stomach and neck, a wild contempt, a rage before prey, flung itself into his blood.

Impelled by his day-long hatred of the old man, he stepped forward, taking a cold breath. 'I'll show you,' he muttered. There was the smell of cows, the smell of chickens, the smell of a farm, where animals and birds had been feeding all day. 'Leave the bastard alone,' he rapped out loudly to the old man. He strode forward into the circle of light and stopped the youth.

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'What's that?' he said sharply, knocking the bag.

'Hyur . . .' blustered the young man, but his opened mouth would not make any more words. He flashed the light helplessly about him.

'Been pinching?' said the younger man.

The older man gaped but said nothing.

'Chicken,' stammered the youth. 'Mrs. Ross gave me a chicken.'

'That's not a chicken,' said the younger man.

The youth looked helplessly up and down the lane. He tried to skip away, but the older one woke up and stopped him.

'That's not a chicken.' A sudden change had come over the older man. He copied the younger man's words. A feeling of intense new wakefulness was in both of them.

'Ah . . .' The youth tried to shout.

'Bleedin' thief,' shouted the younger man. He trembled for a second and then suddenly let out a hard punch to the youth's wind and tripped him up. He went down flat in the mud.

IV

Now there was no doubt about it. It was as if silently under all their talk and in all their silence they had been rehearsing this all day, working out every detail to perfection They said nothing but sprang to it. The big fellow went down gay and hard on the gasping youth and sat on him. The younger one snatched up the bag and rummaged in the youth's coat pocket for a handkerchief. Money chinked. The youth feebly kicked. Without a word, the older man stuffed a bit of the handkerchief between the youth's teeth and tied it round his neck. A look of extraordinary pale, breathless gaiety rose in the older man's exhausted face; a look of keenness and shrewd skill sprang up in the eyes of the other. Their breath came in helpless gasps.

''Ere y'are,' they gasped together.

They lifted the youth up, giving a glance apiece up the lane.

'There's a bus coming,' said the older one. They pitched the youth at the top of their strength through the hedge and into the ditch and ran for the bus.

Out of the lane and across the road they went. They were babbling, choking, half laughing. They waved their arms to signal to the large green bus softly swerving towards them.

They grabbed frantically at the rail.

'Just in time,' grinned the older man to the conductor.

The conductor, noting the numbers of tickets, hardly smiled. The big one flopped into a seat on one side of the gangway. He had the bag on his knee. The younger one sat on the opposite side. They sat panting quietly. The passengers stared at them stupidly. The dry warmth of the bus entered into the bodies of the two men and the pounding of their hearts slackened. Their heads lolled weakly, luxuriously on their necks.

'Two to the finish,' said the older man in a hoarse voice.

The younger one paid up. What was more, there was a shilling change. The older man glanced at the empty road behind and then settled comfortably down. With its warm soft roar the bus broke the dull air of the open country. What a change! He winked at the younger one.

'Got a fag?' he teased.

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The shadow of the grin he had had when he was a much fatter and much craftier man came on his face. It made the passengers smile. Reassured, the older man felt the bag with his fingers. Cautiously he drew out the skewer and looked down. He signaled across the gangway like a schoolboy.

'Nt. Chkn. Fsnt. Fsnt,' he was signaling with his lips. Not chicken, pheasant.

This made the passengers laugh. The grin on the older man's face became broader and deeper, feeding on his face. He loved the world. The light vans of tradesmen began to spin by, passing the speeding bus. There was light, speed, hilarity everywhere. A feeling of wild irresponsibility overcame the older man. Amid the laughter of the passengers, he pulled the pheasant's tail out of the bag.

But the younger one ignored all this. Crouching in his seat, he sat alert in the bitter vividness of his vengeance and his pride. There goes the bloody butcher, the bloody baker, money streaming down the world in petrol. Food! He looked at the old man with contempt. What he wanted, his tortured hating soul cried out within him, was not food.

Charivaria

A questionnaire reveals that the average British family pays the doctor £4 15*s*. a year. This will be news to the doctor.

Eddie Cantor earns twenty times as much as a Cabinet Minister. The question is: does this mean that he is considered to be just as funny as twenty Cabinet Ministers, or twenty times as funny as one?

As television is not selective, it has been discovered that it may show things not intended to be seen. Where it differs from many other forms of entertainment lies of course in the fact that this is not intended.

A German claims to have invented an automatic man that can do practically everything but think. This looks like a brave attempt to produce the perfect German citizen.

In view of the present state of affairs in Europe it is rumored that several uncivilized tribes are seriously concerned for the safety of their missionaries.

—From *Punch*, London

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Persons and Personages

Middle-Class Business Man

By P. Q. R.

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

'A GOOD Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year'—that is said to have been Mr. Lloyd George's summary of the capacities of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. How far is such an estimate accurate? The answer is of considerable importance, for Mr. Neville Chamberlain is not merely this year's Chancellor of the Exchequer but may quite well be next year's Prime Minister. There is now little doubt that if Mr. Baldwin resigns after the Coronation, it will be Mr. Neville Chamberlain whom he will recommend the King to summon to Downing Street in his place. Sir Samuel Hoare's chance disappeared in the Hoare-Laval fiasco and Mr. Runciman's hopes, always slender, vanished altogether when his father accepted a peerage at the age of eighty-six. Mr. Neville Chamberlain has now no rivals in the field.

Mr. Lloyd George's gibe has at any rate this basis in fact, that Mr. Neville Chamberlain came, like his father, into political life from the Council House in Birmingham. Joseph Chamberlain made two great contributions in his political life—to his native city and to the Empire. It was therefore not unnatural that he should set his two sons on those paths. Austen, the elder, came into Parliament to work for the Empire's unity at the age of twenty-seven, and Neville, the younger, remained in Birmingham. Neville Chamberlain had, it is true, a brief apprenticeship to business life in the West Indies, but he was soon back in the Midland city managing the great screw business on which the Chamberlain fortune was built and throwing himself with all his father's energy into municipal affairs. He became in turn Chairman of the Town Planning Committee, Alderman, and, in 1915, Lord Mayor.

In all of these positions he proved himself a competent administrator, but in none of them did he display such talents as would make men say that what Birmingham had gained, the British nation and the Empire had lost. At the age of forty-five he was chief citizen of Birmingham but nothing more.

His chance came in 1916 when he was made Director-General of the National Service. But he was not a success there. His powers, like those of Lord Eustace Percy lately, were ill-defined, and like Lord Eustace he developed no talent for making his job important. A year later he re-

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signed. He was not included in the Coalition Government of 1918, and for four years he remained a diffident and quite undistinguished figure on the back benches.

In 1922 came his second chance. The Coalition Government was struck down by Mr. Baldwin, and with it went the elder Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Birkenhead, Sir Robert Horne, in fact all who had dominated politics in the critical post-War years. Mr. Bonar Law formed a Government which was described irreverently by Lord Birkenhead as that of 'the second class brains.' It was considered at the time peculiarly appropriate that in that Government, in which Austen Chamberlain had no place, should be included as Postmaster-General his still obscure younger brother.

But it was the turning point in Neville Chamberlain's political life. His political career was now really launched. The following year Mr. Bonar Law died, and was succeeded by Mr. Baldwin. Immediately there sprang up a close political friendship between these two business men from the Midlands. It soon had far-reaching repercussions. In the autumn of 1923 Mr. Baldwin went to Plymouth to address the annual Conference of the Conservative Party, and announced to a bewildered but delighted assembly that he could not, as Prime Minister, face another winter of unemployment without a mandate from the electorate to protect the home market.

MANY reasons have been adduced for this startling decision. It has been suggested that Mr. Baldwin made his announcement without consultation with his Cabinet colleagues, that he was indulging in his familiar habit of thinking aloud, that he had no idea that his statement would precipitate an election.

It was in fact no accidental or happy-go-lucky decision. It had been deliberately planned, and its real author was not Baldwin but Neville Chamberlain. The moment that the Conservative Government had been formed, Chamberlain had made it his one consuming object to unite the Party forces still shattered by the wreck of the Coalition. He realized that no strong Government could be formed which did not include the two great Conservative figures of the Coalition, then in isolation. He conceived that one bold act would bring them together—an appeal to the country on tariffs. Secret gatherings took place at Chequers. Baldwin was won over to the Chamberlain view and an election was decreed.

It proved disastrous, for the Conservative Party was fairly and squarely beaten. But the following year Mr. Baldwin was back in office again and Neville Chamberlain's dream was achieved, for the new Government included Mr. Churchill as Chancellor of the Exchequer,

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Lord Birkenhead as Secretary of State for India, and Sir Austen Chamberlain went to the Foreign Office. Neville Chamberlain himself became Minister of Health, and began to show for the first time his supreme competence as an administrator. With consummate skill he piloted the far-reaching but highly complicated and controversial De-rating Bill on to the statute-book. For better or for worse it has changed the whole face of local government.

He began to develop, too, a trenchant style. Old Parliamentary hands noted with delight that 'Neville had something of "Joe" about him' in the way that, on occasion, he could castigate the Socialist Opposition. He was, in fact, one of the outstanding successes of that rather unimpressive and dreary administration.

In the National Government he has gone from strength to strength. His administration of the Treasury has been accompanied by the slow but steady progress of the national credit from the edge of the abyss. His budgets have reflected his essential character. There has been nothing showy or startling about them. They have been, one and all, cautious, capable and reassuring. Neville Chamberlain has his severe limitations. His name is associated with no great stroke of statesmanship nor one single original idea. Undoubtedly he got the worst of the bargain at Ottawa, and one of the urgent tasks of the Imperial Conference which will meet in 1937 will be to revise much of the work to which he set his seal four years ago. At the World Economic Conference he propounded no plan of action. The world waited in vain for a gesture of leadership. On currency issues he sheltered behind Roosevelt and the American crisis, and though he announced that 'the root of our present economic ills lies in the decline of our export trade' he propounded no policy to improve the situation.

He is not in any sense a platform man. In public he seems cold and unsympathetic, more like the chairman of a municipal committee anxious to keep down the rates than a leader of the nation. Even in the House of Commons he appears aloof and slightly magisterial. Apart from Mr. Baldwin he has few friends even among his colleagues, and the back-benchers hardly know him at all, for he is not easily approachable in the Lobby and seldom, if ever, visits the smoking-room. He jokes with difficulty. I recall a dreadful occasion when in his Budget statement in 1932 he referred to the longevity of men with great fortunes that would one day fall into the maw of the Treasury by means of Death Duties, and addressed them in the rather brutal words of the Duke of Wellington to his troops: 'Come on, you rascals, you cannot live for ever.' His humor on the rare occasion that he employs it is self-conscious and studied and rather tasteless, like that of a man striving to be the life and soul of a funeral party.

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Yet with all these drawbacks he is the one man on the Government Front Bench today who could take charge in a crisis. He has a real relish for the cut-and-thrust of debate. I have watched him through a stormy all-night sitting, calm, unruffled, a slightly contemptuous smile on his face, while the steady stream of insult and invective flowed upon him from the Socialist benches, and then rising to speak equipped with the succinct and smashing answer. He is quite fearless. No Parliamentary attack can daunt him, and I am certain that the international situation, however much it may worsen, will never unnerve him. He will never bend to pressure or play for cheap applause. If the country has to be told further unpalatable truths and required to shoulder in the future fresh burdens to pay for increased armaments he will not shirk his task. He has that vital quality in modern statesmen—the courage to tell democracy the truth. Neville Chamberlain is no Gladstone or Disraeli, nor even an Asquith, but he is far more than 'a good Lord Mayor of Birmingham in a lean year.' He is, in fact, the model of the middle-class business man—capable, diligent, upright, and with a high sense of public duty.

It may well be that he is just the type of man that the country needs in these somber days when the clouds darken and the storms approach.

Adolf at School

By Konrad Heiden

Translated from the *Neues Tage-Buch*, Paris German-Émigré Weekly

[*A new German edition of Konrad Heiden's biography of Hitler has recently been published, with many additions to the original text. Among the new material is a good deal of carefully documented information about Hitler's school days, of which the following is characteristic.* The Editors]

THE next official report on the career of this child appeared in the year 1895. On April 2 of that year he entered the primary school at Fischlham near Hafeld. Two years later he transferred to the convent school of the Lambach Institution. A teacher there recalls having expelled the student instantly for smoking in the convent garden. The boy attended his last public school year in Leonding.

It is worthy of note that his report cards of this time show nothing but 'A's,' with the occasional exception of singing, drawing and physical training. All the more remarkable was the setback attending his entry into the State secondary school of Linz. His performance during the first

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year there was so poor that he failed to be promoted and had to remain in the same class for another year. After that there were temporary improvements in his work; several times he did excellently in history; but mathematics remained only 'adequate' or 'failing,' as did French. His marks in German were 'adequate' or at best 'fair,' while they were 'excellent' in free-hand drawing and physical training. His attention was characterized as 'uneven;' 'passing' at best. One year after the death of his father he left Linz, for reasons that are not clear. He went to Styria in upper Austria, where he lived with a court clerk by the name of von Cichini and attended the local State secondary school. His last report card in the fourth grade there, dated September 16, 1905, presents a fair picture of Adolf Hitler the student:—

	I. Semester	II. Semester
Conduct	fair	fair
Attention	uneven	passing
Bible	adequate	fair
German	failing	adequate
Geography and History	adequate	fair
Mathematics	failing	adequate
Chemistry	adequate	adequate
Physics	fair	adequate
Geometry, Mechanical Drawing, Solid Geometry	adequate	failing * adequate **
Free-hand Drawing	good	excellent
Physical Training	excellent	excellent
Stenography	failing	—
Singing	—	fair
Appearance of Written Work	unsatisfactory	unsatisfactory

* Make-up examination permitted
** As a result of the make-up examination

Beginning with October, 1907, he lived in Vienna, supported by his mother or other relatives and preparing himself for the Academy of Art, incidentally savoring, boy-like, the big city: theaters, museums, parliament. Now he called himself a student, now a painter, for he was convinced that he was about to become a student in the Academy of Fine Arts' School of Painting.

It was not to be. In October, 1907, he applied for the Academy's drawing test, success in which is a condition of admission. The result of this test was the following entry in the Academy's 'classification list' for the school year 1907–08:—

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'Projects in composition for test takers. First day: Expulsion from Paradise, etc. Second day: Episode from the Deluge, etc.'.

'Those who failed to pass, or who were not admitted, were: Messrs. . . . Adolf Hitler, Braunau-on-the-Inn, April 20, 1889, German, Catholic, father Civil Service official; four years secondary school. Few heads. Test drawing insufficient.'

HE HAD been rejected. He seems not to have mentioned his failure at home, and in his autobiography he ignores it completely. He remained in Vienna, in his lodgings in the Stumpergasse 31, later in the Felberstrasse in the 15th district. He determined to try again the following fall. The result was even more crushing. This time the classification list simply states:—

'Those who failed to pass or who were not admitted to the test were Messrs. . . . Adolf Hitler, Braunau-on-the-Inn, April 20, 1889, German, Catholic, father Civil Service official; four years secondary school. *Not admitted to the test.*'

This meant that the drawings he had brought along were of such a nature that the examiners did not consider it necessary to conduct any further test.

It was the second and final rejection. It hit him so hard that, in his autobiography, he could not pass it over. According to his story, he called on the director to learn the reasons for his rejection. The director is supposed to have told him that with his talents as a draftsman he was much better fitted to become an architect and that he should apply to a school of architecture. But this course was barred to him, Hitler asserts, because attendance at this division required graduation from the higher branch of the secondary school.

Hitler is in error here. The regulations expressly contain a 'safety valve;' in certain cases the graduation requirement could be dispensed with—namely in cases of 'great talent.' Moreover, the directors of the School of Architecture, professors Wagner and Ohmann, were men of the type who would not have barred the way to someone with real architectural talent solely because he lacked a diploma. Hitler, however, does not seem to have tried this method.

Crushed and despondent, he journeyed home to his mother's sickbed. Months of irresolution ensued. It was apparent that his mother would soon leave him—his mother, with whom, since his father's death, he had—in his own words—lounged about as a 'mother's pet' on 'soft down,' and in the 'hollowness of an easy life,' frittering and dreaming away his youthful existence. Clara Hitler died on December 21, 1908. Adolf Hitler, a spoiled boy of nineteen who had learned nothing, accomplished nothing, and could do nothing, was confronted with *nothing* . . .

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LADY OF THE PRESS

By MAX WERNER

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German-Émigré Weekly

[*Madame Geneviève Tabouis, the subject of this study, is perhaps the best-known woman journalist in Europe.* THE EDITORS]

THIS delicate woman with the fine spiritual face is a major power in journalism. Her name is mentioned with equal frequency in the English, German, Italian and Soviet press. Her articles are quoted everywhere. She is regarded as 'best-informed,' and her articles on foreign policy have given her paper, the *Œuvre*, a reputation throughout Europe.

Madame Geneviève Tabouis works in a fashion all her own: her articles are generally preceded by telephone conversations with several European capitals. She has close connections with the Quai d'Orsay, with most of the representatives of France abroad, with the heads of the Radical Socialist Party. But she gives more than mere information. She writes the daily record of the European crisis in all its ramifications and involutions.

The job of a foreign correspondent has changed fundamentally in the last few years. Today it requires different qualities than, for example, in the years 1925–1932, the fat years of European stabilization and a successful peace policy. Anyone who writes on foreign policy today must know the extent of the European crisis, and its causes. Madame Tabouis possesses this vision; she dissects in current events the stages of the march to war and the disintegration of Europe. It is a vastly complicated business—to unravel the tangled politics of present-day Europe, to reveal the background, to show the moving powers, to follow the developments in the separate zones of Europe.

Madame Tabouis masters this task with acuteness, intuition and freedom from illusions. She is close to the Radical Socialist Party; but she has no liberal illusions. She is a passionate fighter for peace—she supported Briand's policy—but pacifist illusions are alien to her. She comes from a great family of diplomats, the Cambons, but she decisively rejects the diplomatic illusion that clever tactics may solve the European crisis.

She sees in the German problem the crucial question for France and for Europe. Madame Tabouis grasps much that is difficult for the non-German to comprehend. She knows National Socialism and the advantage it has over the democratic countries: its brutal concentration of will, its tenacity.

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In the field of foreign policy French democracy is menaced today by the habit of under-estimating the opponent—it was this which wrecked the domestic policy of German democracy; but the foreign editor of the *Œuvre* sees the complex connections between the foreign and the domestic policies of the Fascist States—connections which remain hidden from the majority of French journalists. The theory that 'government equals government,' the principle of maintaining a neutral attitude toward the governmental forms of all countries—these are inherent in French diplomacy. They can be explained historically by the alliance with Tsarist Russia. Today they turn against French foreign policy, rob it of freedom of movement, prevent it from stopping the aggressive desires of the Fascists.

IN EVERY article by Madame Tabouis concrete proof is brought forward that the foreign policy of the Fascist States is a function of their domestic policy. Thus, she has from the beginning regarded an understanding with Hitler as impossible. In a conversation she once said, on the subject of Laval's policy of conciliation: 'In case of an understanding with Hitler, France would come to occupy the same position toward National Socialist Germany that Portugal occupies toward Spain.' Indeed, today France's position as a great Power is at stake.

This clever woman also knows Mussolini's game. Southeastern Europe, today exposed to two-fold pressure, from Italy and from Germany, has long been a region to which the *Œuvre* has devoted special attention. Persistently and emphatically Madame Tabouis shows how Italy threatens southeastern Europe. Mussolini's destructive actions are exhaustively presented by her. It is in the southeast that the status of the French system of alliances is being decided; yielding to Mussolini would lead to the dissolution of the pro-French coalition in Europe. That is why Madame Tabouis is anxious to protect French foreign policy from any form of dependence upon Fascist Italy. This she does in the interests of peace, for an explosion in Italian foreign policy (perhaps even one of a local character) may summon Hitler to the scene in the southeast and thus kindle the flames of war throughout Europe. A cool, realistic politician, Madame Tabouis does not over-estimate Mussolini's actual, material power. She knows and often enough unmasks his policy of bluff, advising the western Powers not to allow themselves to be bluffed, but she fears with some justification that Italian Fascism may put the fuse to the powder barrel even before German Fascism.

In a time of confusion, when politicians and diplomats fail, it is a woman who in France has the most realistic conception of European policies. Madame Tabouis fights against the blindness and indecision of English policy, against Poland's double-dealing, for the intensification

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of the Franco-Soviet Alliance, for the Little Entente and the Balkan Entente.

She knows all the dangers threatening France, all the weaknesses of French foreign policy. On the Right Laval tried coöperation with the European counter-revolution. On the Left there is the disturbing element of an unworldly pacifism, clinging to the principle of non-intervention, which the European counter-revolution has long since discarded; in the center the routine of a petrified diplomacy works its damage. Madame Tabouis conducts a journalistic war on many fronts against this coalition of weakness and error.

LAUGHTON ON THE LOT

By C. A. LEJEUNE

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Newspaper

[*Mr. Laughton's latest picture*, Rembrandt, *which, like his* Henry the Eighth, *has been directed by Alexander Korda, is to be released sometime in November. In the following sketch Mr. Lejeune, the* Observer's *film critic, gives us a preview of it in the making.* THE EDITORS]

CHARLES LAUGHTON, in a brown frieze coat, a twisted turban of some whitish cloth, and the make-up of a very old Dutchman, stood in a fish and vegetable market by the River Colne and ate raw herrings.

They should have been cooked, but someone had blundered. Charles pulled himself together and swallowed them all the same.

After every take, shouting for whisky, water, disinfectant, tobacco, he came pounding down to the waterside to get rid of what was left of the herring.

'I think, Charlie,' said Korda, ruminatively, 'that you would feel better if you didn't eat that marzipan first. And next time you needn't swallow the head.'

It was the last day's shooting on the Rembrandt picture at Denham, the final set-up, and everyone was eager, nervous, anxious to be through. They were shooting by the old bridge, built last summer for the clans to attack the Glourie Castle, and now coated with some secret preparation of powdered pyrex to look like snow.

Behind the stalls of the Dutch market the walls of the Glourie Castle were still standing. Over to the left a Spanish galleon was growing yard by yard at the waterside. On the right there were visible relics of the passage of Bob Flaherty's ten Indian elephants. It was a hot afternoon,

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and the wasps, charmed by the smell of turnip and marzipan and grease-paint, were attentive. The fish stalls were very ripe.

Between takes Laughton leaned against the bridge, lit a cigarette, and relaxed—with caution, so that his make-up shouldn't crack.

I asked him whether he was pleased with Rembrandt. He said he didn't know, he was too close to it still; it was either the best or the worst thing he had ever done.

'It has been a terrible film for Alex and me. How we fought and suffered in the early weeks, when we were still feeling our way! It had to be so simple, so serious, never a sign of acting. . . .'

He broke off.

'Have you seen *Mr. Deeds?*' he asked suddenly.

'Yes.'

'Then you'll know what I mean when I say I could have kicked myself after I'd seen Gary Cooper's performance. All these weeks of suffering and lying awake nights, thinking myself into a part, to do something that that boy can do in a flash out of his inner consciousness.'

'But it's different. . . .'

'Of course it's different. We act in opposite ways. His is presentational acting, mine is representational. I get at a part from the outside. He gets at it from the inside, from his own clear way of looking at life. His is the right way, if you can do it. I could learn to do it, but it would take me a year to do what he can do instinctively, and I haven't the time.

'I always knew that boy could act. I remember the first day I met him in Hollywood on the set in *The Devil and the Deep*. He was lighting a cigarette in front of the camera, and looking up at a woman's face. I knew in a flash then that he'd got something I should never have. I went across the set and asked him to tell me how he did it. He looked shy and bewildered, and said I ought to know better than he did: I was from the stage and he was just a ham movie actor.'

'But Gary,' I said, 'sometimes fumbles a part. You're either very bad or very good—no half measures.'

'Perhaps,' he agreed. 'But Gary never over-acts. When I have a part like Captain Bligh, or Father Barrett, I hate the man's guts so much that I always over-act. Parts like that make me physically sick. Now, Gary—'

'Charlie!'

'Another take, please, Charlie.'

HE THREW his cigarette into the water and walked back on to the set, heavily, ploddingly, with the gait of an old man. He took up his stand in the fish-market beside a stall and held another herring up by its tail,

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ate it slowly and lusciously, savoring it. Then he stood there smiling and nodding, thick-lipped and friendly, at the crowd.

It was as if Laughton's face had been peeled off a palimpsest and the old Rembrandt's had appeared beneath it. It was the most startling phenomenon I had ever seen in a film studio.

'That's good,' said Korda quietly. 'Print it.'

Mr. Laughton, released, rushed to the water's edge, came back considerably relieved in mind and body.

'Thank God,' he said simply, 'I got that old man.'

'Is that the end of the picture?'

'One more shot—and then Cornwall for three weeks' holiday.'

'And then?'

'*I Claudius*. The script's finished. It's the most exciting script I've ever read—beautiful and dignified, and yet as thrilling as a grand detective story.'

'Does it stick closely to Graves's book?'

'Pretty closely, but Zuckmayer has made a real cinema script out of it. It moves and moves and moves. Even the spectacle is only used to push the story forward. We don't know yet whether we'll make two separate films of it or one long one, but we'll shoot it all and then see. The first part ends with the murder of Caligula and Claudius's election as Emperor. The second part is about the conquest of Britain. I believe Alex has some idea of shooting those scenes in a fog, with vague outlines of the battle elephants. I don't know. What interests me chiefly is the characterization. Claudius should be good to play. . . .'

'What was he like?'

'A little man with a stutter and a lame foot. They made him emperor because they thought him insignificant, and then found he was cold and clever as hell.'

'Charles!'

'Just a close-up, please, Charlie!'

He plodded across again. The cameras were set, the crowd in position. He picked up another herring and poised it, waiting.

The whistle blew. 'Quiet, please. They're rolling.'

Suddenly, from near-by, a trumpeting, a thud of heavy feet squelching through mud and water.

'Cut!' called Korda sharply.

'Keep your positions everybody!' shouted the assistant director.

'Stop those damned elephants!' yelled somebody.

Charles threw the herring to the wasps, wiped his hands on his stained coat, and said something brief but apposite.

When I left them Mr. Flaherty's heavy actors from India were still advancing resolutely towards the turnip stall.

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Should Germany get back her colonies? Taking the negative, an English woman appeals to history, and a German, for the affirmative, bases his case on law.

Colonies: A Debate

I. The Rebirth of Mittel-Afrika

By Sarah Gertrude Millin

From the *Daily Telegraph*, London Conservative Daily

'BETWEEN Germany and South Africa,' said Dr. Schacht at the launching of the new steamer *Pretoria* for the German-Africa line, 'there are many ties of blood.'

And so there are. When General Hertzog led a deputation to the Peace Conference in 1919 he told Mr. Lloyd George that a third of the blood in what he called the 'old'—the Boer—population was German. Yet not even General Hertzog loves Dr. Schacht as much as Dr. Schacht seems to love General Hertzog.

Originally Germany, in the person of Bismarck, did not want African colonies. But then the explorer Stanley made the idea popular through his lectures in Germany; there were Germans getting concessions from the natives along the East and West Coasts; and in the 1880's Cecil Rhodes realized that if the Germans were not hindered the English in Africa might be doomed.

When Kruger had trouble with the English there were the Germans suggesting they could help him. At the danger point of the Raid the Kaiser telegraphed his sympathetic horror. The Boers were led to hope before the Boer War that the Germans would assist them as, in similar circumstances, the French had assisted the Americans.

Yet, when the war actually came, the Kaiser himself sent a plan of campaign to Windsor; and Kruger, questing for assistance in Europe, was forbidden the hospitality of Germany.

The Boers, therefore, after the Boer War, had not so much faith in Germany as they had before. And when England gave responsible government to the Transvaal and Orange Free State, and in 1909 the movement was

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under way for the uniting of the four provinces of South Africa, it was ex-President Steyn, of the Free State, the ultimate die-hard of the Boer War, who gave as an urgent reason for union the menace of Germany, lying in German Southwest Africa on the borders of the Cape.

Union took place. The Germans worked hopefully. The Great War came. The Nationalist Opposition were not sure the Germans were in the wrong. And, replying to them, General Smuts said in Parliament:—

'All this German talk, all this rumor of German sympathies, has been spread by German commercial agents and German dealers, and I hope the people will realize that these Germans are placing a dagger into the heart of South Africa which they are eager to press home. . . . The Government of this country is in possession of information which clearly shows that the German Government has had its eyes on South Africa for many days. . . .'

'The personnel and activities of the German Consul-General in Capetown were, indeed,' as Lord Buxton, the Governor-General of the Union, came to write, 'out of all proportion to those of other Consulates, or to Germany's actual interests in the Union; and there can be little doubt now,' he added, 'that the Germans had, before the war, been carrying on an assiduous anti-British propaganda in the Union, and had been engaged in acquiring information, military and political.'

The result of this propaganda was apparent as soon as the War began. Only twelve years had passed since the Boer War. Boers who had not yet learnt to feel with England saw their opportunity for revenge and release. The Commandant-General of the Union's forces resigned, and arranged, Governor Seitz says, to meet him on the southwest border. The ex-Commandant-General could not meet the Governor, but he was eventually drowned in trying to swim a swollen river on his way to Southwest.

Defence Force men also were led to that border to unite with the Germans; Mauser rifles and machine-guns were ready for them; funds were at their disposal even in a bank in Capetown; a civil war broke out in the Union which Botha and Smuts themselves put down.

It was again Smuts who, at the Paris Peace Conference, moved that 'having regard to the record of German administration in the colonies formerly belonging to the German Empire, and to the menace which the possession by Germany of submarine bases in many parts of the world would necessarily constitute to the freedom and security of all nations, the Allied and Associated Powers are agreed that in no circumstances should any of the German colonies be restored to Germany.'

II

Before the Germans settled in what became German Southwest Africa, the native Herero population, according to a British Commission, was 85,000. Two years after the Germans came the German Governor, Lautwein, estimated it at 80,000. After the Herero Rebellion in 1911, a census showed the number to be 15,130.

The cause of the Hereros' rebellion, according to the Commission's report, was systematic ill-treatment, flogging, appropriation of cattle, debauching of

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women, interference with native customs, denial of justice. The chief measure used to suppress the rebellion, says the report, was extermination.

Coming from German East Africa, Dr. Karl Peters, today held up as an example to young Germany, was in 1897 tried for his maladministration of that territory. Evidence was given of terrorism, plunder, burning of villages, flogging and chaining of women and children, forced concubinage and murder. He was found guilty on all counts.

On Feb. 18, 1908, Herr Dernburg, the German Colonial Secretary, said to the Budget Committee of the Reichstag:—

'It makes a very unfavorable impression on one to see so many white men go about with Negro whips . . . Laborers are obtained under circumstances which could not be distinguished from slave hunts. . . . It has even happened that settlers have seated themselves at the wells with revolvers and have prevented the natives from watering their cattle in order to compel them to leave the latter behind.'

In all the German colonies together before the Great War there were under 20,000 Germans. They lived in lands that are a liability to their mandatory successors and that were a liability also to themselves. Nevertheless those lands embodied a national ideal; the possibility, through tariff restrictions, of trade advantages, and an exuberant hope for the future.

It was during the Boer War, when the Kaiser saw England comfortably sailing backward and forward over the seas, that the maggot was born in his brain of the greater war that riddled the world. England had to be driven off the seas. England's place and trade had to go to Germany.

All over Germany there were men in those days thinking how Germany might extend herself at the expense of England. Men like Governor Lautwein, Emil Zimmermann, Kühlmann, Hans Delbrück, Oskar Karstedt, Dr. Solf (then Colonial Secretary), worked out their schemes, with various individual preferences, for a *Mittel-Afrika* that was ultimately to march towards a *Mittel-Europa*.

To the lands Germany already had along the East and West Coasts were to be added the African territories of the British, French, Belgians and Portuguese. A million black soldiers were to be trained. With one's own naval bases, U-boats, harbors, coaling stations, munition depots and repairing docks one would command the vital lines of British communications with India and Australia. One had in mind also Turkey and friendly Arab States. 'Africa,' said Dr. Solf during the war, 'is no longer the dark continent but has become the foreland of Europe. . . . Germany must receive' (in a treaty of peace) 'a continuous domain, large in extent . . . with frontiers on both oceans and fortified naval bases. If we have a position of strength in *Mittel-Afrika*, with which India and Australia must reckon, then we can compel both of them to respect our wishes in the South Seas and in Eastern Asia, thereby driving the first wedge into the compact front of our opponents in Eastern Asia.'

Today the Germans are demanding at least their old colonies; the inevitable propaganda is going on all over the world and essentially in Southwest Africa and the Union; the Union police have uncovered signifi-

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cant material in the Nazi headquarters in Southwest; a Union Judicial Commission found last year that Nazi activities in Southwest were supported not only from Germany but from sources within the Union; there are shirt organizations in the Union, the wearing of the swastika and the usual preliminary of Jew-baiting.

And, concurrently, there are people in England who think the Germans, out of principle or policy, ought to have their old colonies back again; and Mr. Oswald Pirow, the Union's Minister of Defence, advocates (so it is reported) that various Powers should throw into a pool for Germany certain of their African territories—though not, he holds personally, Southwest Africa or Tanganyika.

Originally Herr Hitler was contemptuous about colonies. But now he has been persuaded to add the old dream to the new business—the old dream of a *Mittel-Afrika* extending to a *Mittel-Europa* (no longer only *Mittel!*); of dominance in the East, too; and the commerce of the world.

II. Germany's Case for Colonies

By Franz Ritter von Epp

Translated from the *Europäische Revue*, German National Socialist Monthly

THE German nation lives within a territory which is exceedingly small in proportion to its population—a territory, moreover, which fails to produce a number of raw materials that have come to be of vital importance. The Treaty of Versailles took away all of Germany's colonial possessions, and with them the possibility of procuring absolutely necessary raw materials with German currency. Compared with the colonial possessions of other countries, Germany today occupies a rank which must be considered secondary. Even in 1914 Germany, with a colonial empire only five and one-half times as great as the mother country, was far behind other, smaller nations. England at that time already possessed a world empire one hundred and five times as large as Great Britain. The colonial possessions of Belgium comprised territory eighty times as large as the mother country, those of the Netherlands sixty times, and those of France twenty-two times.

The cutting off of Germany from the possibility of obtaining vital raw materials from her own colonies is of special consequence since her dense population—except for Russia, Germany is the most populous country on the continent—compelled her to develop her industries in order to support her population at all. One of the most important tasks of a government is to provide bread and work for its subjects. Because of the compulsory administration of the German colonial Empire decreed at Versailles, this task has been rendered far more difficult in Germany than in other countries with colonies of their own. Let us remember, too, that the prosperity which was on the point of developing in pre-War Germany was due to the possession and exploitation of her colonies.

For her economic recovery Ger-

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many first of all needs to have colonial sources of raw materials within the sphere of her own currency. We cannot and will not be placed at a disadvantage as compared to other countries. We must provide ourselves with raw materials with our own money; for, as a consequence of the Reparations policy, German foreign exchange reserves have shrunk steadily, year by year, rendering purchases in foreign currency more and more difficult. This development was considerably hastened, moreover, by the tendencies toward self-sufficiency in the rest of the world—tendencies which more and more cut off foreign markets for German products.

Sir Samuel Hoare's proposal to call a conference on raw materials could at best secure for Germany additional sources of raw material; but it does not take into account Germany's needs with regard to colonial regions using German currency. Germany's economy, which is suffering in so many respects, is not served by such well-meant proposals.

From another quarter the distinction between the 'have' and the 'have-not' States has been made—Germany understandably being reckoned among the latter. The foreign press has imputed to Germany, as a State without colonies, the most incredible intentions with regard to regaining her colonial possessions. This caused a great deal of unrest in the world. Not only in France but also in smaller States such as Belgium and Portugal political nervousness increased considerably. The assertions concerning German intentions forcibly to annex the colonies, much bruited about in the foreign press, resulted also in a show of interest by other States which until then had not been active in the colonial field.

It cannot be over-emphasized that Germany would never put herself in the wrong before the world through the annexation of foreign territory. In considering colonial demands Germany is thinking solely of her own colonies, which the imposed peace of Versailles placed in charge of the League of Nations, which in turn entrusted their administration to the present mandate-holders. The German colonial movement merely desires the abolition of this enforced administration and the restoration to Germany of full sovereign rights over her own colonial possessions. Thus these German claims do not in any way strike at the possessions of any other State.

It should not be difficult to do justice to Germany's colonial demands. In its political outlines, the Treaty of Versailles has decidedly lost force today. It has become a harmful factor in international life because it undermines the foundations of law, which are faith and authority. The time is sure to come when the colonial injustice done to Germany in Article 119 of the Versailles Treaty will be undone. Already the lies about German colonial administration which were used to disguise the rape have been acknowledged as such. Authoritative personalities abroad—let us merely mention Hertzog, Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa—have expressly taken back the charge that Germany is incapable of colonizing.

The legal arguments given below, which clearly furnish a firm foundation for Germany's claim to the restoration of her colonies, have until

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now hardly been publicly discussed abroad. The seizure of the colonies was a flagrant violation of law if for no other reason than that, in Article 11 of the Congo Acts, the contracting parties solemnly obligated themselves not to extend any European war to the colonies of Central Africa. Trusting in this agreement, the German Secretary of State, Dr. Solf, cabled to German East Africa as late as August 2, 1914, that the colonies were in no danger of war and that the settlers might rest assured. It was not Germany that broke the provisions of Article 11 of the Congo Acts! Rather it was a British cruiser, which on August 5th opened hostilities in German East Africa. This opening of hostilities was a violation of the clear intention of the European Powers, as expressed in the treaty: they had intended to keep colonial possessions out of all controversies, even in case of war, desiring to guarantee them mutually in perpetuity.

These aspects alone characterize the seizure of the German colonies as a grave violation of law; but there was a further violation. Germany had assented to the preliminary armistice, legally concluded on November 5, 1918, solely on the basis of Wilson's Fourteen Points and of Secretary of State Lansing's note of the same date, which furnished the legal basis for peace negotiations. Point 5 of Wilson's program provided for free, generous and absolutely impartial arbitration of all colonial claims. This, however, was violated in Article 119 of the dictated Peace of Versailles, for Germany was forced to renounce all rights with regard to her possessions overseas! We cannot accept the argument that the seizure of the colonies represented a disguised annexation which Germany had to suffer as a consequence of having lost the War: for in tabulating Reparations the value of the colonies was not taken into consideration at all. Thus Germany then and now regards her demands for restoration of her old colonial possession as being indeed founded in law.

II

The accusation often heard today that, by her racial legislation, Germany has proved her unworthiness to educate alien people and administer their property is a contradiction in itself. Fundamental research in the field of biology in Germany has shown that every race possesses its own characteristics, which differ essentially from those of all other races. The meaning of Germany's racial legislation lies in the respecting and promoting, as well as in the development, of such characteristics *within the territory of the German Reich*. But Germany is by no means minded to interfere in the racial sphere of native peoples. We merely intend, for national reasons, to prevent the penetration of alien races into the German people.

Those who profess to deny in this connection Germany's ability to care for natives should give their attention to the history of many another nation boasting its special colonizing ability. We have in mind the extinction of the Marquesa Islanders and of the remaining Maori population in the South Seas, of the vanishing Indians in North America and Canada, and finally the concentration camps in which the Boers were made amenable to England's interests. We may remark in passing that the destruction

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of white blood by black during the World War did not add to the glory of the Allies; to say nothing of the fact that it very seriously injured European prestige in other continents.

If, in the correct recognition that honor is the inviolable possession of every single nation, and that no people can long suffer inroads upon their honor, Germany is today again regarded as having equal rights with other nations, she also has the right, like other States, to help in the development of backward people, in accordance with Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations.

Article 22 reads:—

'To those colonies and territories which, as the consequence of the late War, have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the States which formerly governed them, and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization, and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in this Covenant.'

For this cultural trust, which ought not to be denied Germany, countries that already bow to the sovereignty of other States cannot be considered, according to the text of this article. It necessarily follows that we can fulfill these tasks only in colonies of our own and not in those of other nations, such as Portugal, the Netherlands or Belgium. This position is all the more valid because Germany cannot afford to paralyze her struggle against the injustice done her by entertaining illegal ambitions toward the property of others.

Were the colonial injustice undone, Germany would be in a position gradually to liquidate her remaining unemployment. Our economy would receive a new impetus, and that impetus would in turn be communicated to world economy. Furthermore, because of the restored mobility of German currency management, frozen credits could be thawed more easily. Such economic improvement would contribute also to a further pacification of world political conditions. Thus a solution of the German colonial question should make a decisive contribution toward the regeneration of Europe, economically as well as politically. In the now mandated territories restoration would at last result in the reassurance necessary for their development.

Even beyond this, the white race as a whole ought to have an interest in strengthening Europe in its world political tasks by involving Germany more deeply. The sooner Germany's legal and moral claims in the colonial field are appeased, the more will the maintenance of European possessions in the world and the fulfilment of the tasks connected with them be strengthened. The Monroe Doctrine, which opened entirely new world political perspectives under the slogan of 'America for the Americans!,' has been followed by the watchword: 'Asia for the Asiatics!' In the last resort it is up to England to decide whether Germany can fulfill her task in Europe. The decision should not be difficult for the English nation, for the Anglo-German Naval Agreement has shown that a balance of interests between two great nations is not at all Utopian if there is mutual good will.

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A short story of flying in New Zealand which will make even old birdmen gasp.

Waikato Heads *and* Opotiki Beach

By R. R. Money

From *Blackwood's Magazine*, Edinburgh Short Story Monthly

MY FATHER was fond of telling a story concerning a country clergyman of olden days who, preaching better than he lived, had the grace to finish his exhortations with the remark, 'Do as I say, not as I do.' I wonder if, in spite of this, the old reprobate did not sometimes chuckle when recalling some of his unjustifiable acts!

Is it permitted that an old war-horse shall be allowed an occasional snort as he looks over the fence at an English world behaving like a cross between a Mothers' Meeting and a Sunday School Treat? The Empire is, of course, a mistake, and those who fought for it in the past and are willing to fight for it in the future are of a type better suppressed; *eh bien, vogue la galère:* some of us would have felt more at home if we had lived in the days of the *Grand Monarque*. It is a dull world for a fighting man in these days, and once one has felt the thrill of living dangerously, it is difficult to give it up. A moral may be applied to this tale of two little incidents in free-lance commercial flying, and the moral is: 'Do as I say, not as I did.'

When the Air Force had finished with me in 1928, I went out to New Zealand. It was a bad time to go; just in front of the worst depression they've ever had there, and with even the climate beginning to deteriorate, thanks to wholesale deforestation, and to the earth's getting a slight tilt on its axis, which has had the effect of increasing the South Polar ice-cap.

Just before I reached New Zealand, Charles Kingsford Smith also reached it; by air, from Suva in the Fijis; and the country went as crazy over him, and flying generally, as a London crowd does over a newly arrived American film star; I suppose it must be the Roman blood in us. A group of New Zealand business men thought it a good time to promote a joy-riding concern, so they bought a Gipsy Moth and looked round for a pilot. I applied, and so did a fellow called MacGregor, a New Zealander who

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had done very well in the war: M.C. and D.F.C. MacGregor got the job, and within six months he'd made a small fortune for his Company and a name for himself from one end of the country to the other. His friends called him 'mad Mac.' He was a beautiful aerobatic pilot, and for the next two years, as far as the New Zealanders were concerned, there were only two pilots in the world—Charles Kingsford Smith and their own darling Malcolm MacGregor.

I went down to Wellington and spent the next six months trying to float a commercial air-line company. With help, I succeeded after a fashion, but we were an ill-assorted team, and things began to go wrong even before we got our machines out. I was supposed to be their technical adviser, but they wouldn't pay any attention to me, and in the end I had to leave. I could see they were riding for a fall, and I didn't want to be involved. Sure enough, they had a shocking bad accident even before they'd started the regular service, and that finished the company.

In the meantime I had met a very stout fellow called Martin Scott, who had been one of the people behind MacGregor. Their team had also fallen out, and Scott had taken a nearly new Gipsy Moth as his share of the loot. He wanted to learn to fly, and MacGregor wouldn't teach him. Mac hated tuition work even more than I did. I was in no position to pick and choose jobs at that moment, so when Scott suggested that I should join him as a flying partner, teach him to fly for nothing, and make what I could for myself out of the airplane in between times, I accepted.

Scott was a character, a New Zealander, born in the Bush, and brought up there completely wild for the first few years of his life. He used to tell me that his parents lived in what he described as 'a 'oller log,' and had brought up a family of five or six there before they eventually moved towards civilization and a wooden shack. Of course a 'log' in New Zealand is a tree-trunk often twenty feet across; their Kauris are among the biggest trees in the world.

I never believed Scott, who was one of the most entertaining liars I've ever met, until one day I met his sister, a hard-bitten, straight-eyed, close-tongued lady of the true old colonial breed now almost extinct. She confirmed, under pressure, his story of the hollow log, and added that when her brother Martin, then six years old, first saw a stranger, he was so frightened that he ran away into the Bush and did not return until the following day. They lived on pigeons, pig, and *kumaras* (the Maori sweet-potato), and their clothing was made from cut-up gunny-bags.

II

Well, as I was saying, I had to teach Martin Scott to fly. On about his sixth lesson, for some extraordinary reason which he could never explain, as we were circling round at about two hundred feet ready to do a landing, he suddenly pushed the stick right forward, and we did a vertical dive. He was a big powerful man, and I had to wrench at the stick to pull us out. I think it was my roar of anger down the telephone that made him let go. As we got level again, I saw the top of a cabbage tree palm above our lower wing, and the New Zealand cabbage tree palm

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never grows higher than twenty-five feet.

You'll wonder what we were doing, turning at two hundred feet round a field planted with cabbage trees, on an early landing tuition lesson, but you don't know the New Zealanders; their country is so stuck on end that if they've got a flat, ten-acre paddock they put up a windsock at one corner and send for Kingsford Smith and the Southern Cross. New Zealand pupils are quite convinced that if an instructor can land in ten acres, then ten acres is plenty for *them*. However, this little incident completely terrified Martin Scott for the time being, and I was free to get on with the business of earning my living.

Now, I'm no aerobatic pilot. I'm one of those excessively left-handed people whose balance canals are slow in the reflex, and when I get on my back in an airplane, I lose myself. But I'd made something of a reputation in the Service as a fairly reckless cross-country pilot, and the experience stood me in good stead now. New Zealand is a rotten country for cross-country work. What it gains from having no smoke-laden skies it more than loses by being up and down like the bristles on a hog's back. And being a small island in the middle of a great ocean in a temperate zone, it suffers from the same quickly variable, low-cloud-infested conditions as we do in this country.

Things went quite well for me, and after about three months I was offered the job of pilot to Rotorua Airways, which newly formed Company had bought the first Puss Moth to come to New Zealand. I came to terms with Scott, and persuaded Rotorua Airways to take over our Gipsy Moth. It was good business for all concerned. When the Puss Moth was ready for delivery, I arranged to take up the Gipsy Moth for overhaul, change over machines, and come back with the Puss. The chairman of directors of the company came with me as passenger. It was his first flight, and, I believe, his last.

Rotorua is the thermal region tourist center of the North Island of New Zealand. It is eight hundred feet above sea-level, and the ground underneath it is quite hollow and as hot as Tophet. Things are happening there all the time, and when Maori babies aren't falling into boiling pools, their mothers are apt to go into the kitchen in the morning and find it isn't there, but another fine geyser instead. All this heat helps to thin the air, and makes flying conditions a trifle difficult.

To get from Rotorua to Auckland you have to cross a bush-covered range of hills, a continuation of the Waihi range, which is called the Mameku. Maori names all mean something, and are pretty when properly pronounced. 'Bush' in Australia and New Zealand signifies forest, which may contain trees up to 250 feet in height. The ridge that carries the Mameku is of an average height of nearly 2,000 feet, and the top of it is as often as not in the clouds: so often, that one got into the habit of going high over the top and trusting to luck and one's compass. New Zealand is not a country for the nervous.

III

Well, we got over quite happily, found the Thames and Waikato Valley Plains clear of cloud, and landed at my old landing ground of Rukuhia,

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near Hamilton, to pick up some spares. MacGregor's reorganized crowd were at a filthy little landing ground called Te Rapa, just the other side of the town. I once asked Mac what on earth made him put up with such a ground, and he grinned cheerfully and said, 'It's big enough for me, and it'll take my —— a hell of a long time to learn to fly off it.' There was a certain amount of healthy rivalry between our concerns, and naturally Mac and I had to play up a bit. The North Islanders had already begun to say, when they heard an airplane approaching in conditions of almost nil visibility, 'If it isn't Mac, it'll be Money.' We were both considered crazy by other New Zealand pilots.

When I landed at Rukuhia, Jack Steele, the splendid fellow who gave us the use of his best paddock for almost nothing and was always ready to rush out on a pony and clear sheep or cattle out of the way, told me that Mac was at Te Rapa that morning, and was on his way to Auckland. By the time I was ready to move on, it was beginning to rain and the clouds were rolling down. Just before I left, Jack came to say good-bye, as he always did, and I said, 'I'll fly low over the town, Jack, and give Mac a spot of encouragement.'

He laughed delightedly: the idea of Mac requiring encouragement obviously tickled him. I needn't have decided to fly low, for the weather settled it for me. We crossed the town at 300 feet, and even then we were only just below the cloud-level. Over Te Rapa I looked down, and saw two figures outside the hangar, the door of which was open; but no machine was outside. I carried on. A fine range of hills with a lovely Maori name about a foot long blocks the way to the north except where the Waikato River cuts through. Of course the hills were smothered in cloud, and I had to go down the river gorge.

To my disgust, when we got through, I found that clouds and mist were almost down to the height of the river banks, and as the ground rose gradually it was impossible to leave the river. At a point like that any pilot who knows his job, has a passenger to consider, and isn't a reckless idiot, turns back. I went on. It was beautiful, smooth air, and the river is not only wide enough to turn over—that is to say, to complete a turn in an airplane and still be over the water—but it also contains a good many sand-banks, any one of which might act as a life-saver even though the machine crashed. The compass course from Hamilton to Auckland is north. About ten miles through the gorge the River Waikato turns west, and eventually reaches the Tasman Sea at the Waikato Heads. Well, of course, I had to turn west with it, and after nearly an hour's flying, when I should have been in sight of Auckland, I emerged on the west coast, as far away as when I had started.

I was now over the sand-flats at the mouth of the river, and it was my intention here to turn north and follow the surf-line as far as the Manukau Heads, which would let me into the Manukau Harbor and so to the aerodrome of the Auckland Aero Club at Mangere, which happened fortunately to be practically at the harbor's edge. As soon as we were clear of the sheltered river the air conditions changed and became bumpy. This was not the worst, for visibility shut down from about a hundred feet

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to no more than fifty; I mean vertical visibility, you will understand. I didn't like it. I had a look at the sands as we crossed over them, and didn't like them either: the tide was right up, and I was almost sure that where I should have to land would be soft. The one or two seconds' indecision settled it for me; for almost immediately afterwards I was committed to the traverse of the line of surf that was beating angrily right up to the foot of the sand-hills. They are low sand-hills, but the cloud was lying on their top just like a blanket on a bed. I thought of a certain crazy formation flight of five Fairey 111D's at 100 feet over the sea down the Berwick coast which ended fairly disastrously, and thanked my stars that this time I hadn't another airplane flying in my pocket. Apart from the fact that we were now flying just below the cloud-level at about thirty feet it was difficult to see, because a fine rain had soaked the fur peak of my flying helmet and dye-colored water was running into my eyes.

You'll remember I had a passenger. We were being bumped pretty vigorously, and for the first time since we had entered the gorge, his existence occurred to me. He had not attempted to communicate, but I'd seen his head revolving from time to time, and it had occurred to my subconscious mind that he was quite enjoying himself. Remember, it was his first flight. The reason I thought of him now was the bumps. I was afraid he might be sick. If he was sick over the side, as, if so afflicted, natural inexperience would lead him to be, I should be temporarily blinded, and at that height it would mean an almost certain crash. So I spoke to him down the telephone and invited him, if he felt inclined to be sick, to use the apparatus provided for the purpose, and, above all, not to try to put it over the side. He replied quite cheerfully that he didn't feel in the least ill; so cheerfully, that I asked him if he was enjoying the trip.

'Yes, rather; it's simply grand,' was the reply.

'Well,' I thought, 'where ignorance is bliss!'

He in the front cockpit would stand little chance if I were forced down now; for we had reached a part of the coast where the waves were breaking on to the rocks at the foot of a low cliff. I pondered whether, if need be, I should come down in the sea, or on the rocks, and decided that it should be the latter, on a wing tip. In that boiling surf there would be little chance of escape, even for a strong swimmer.

IV

The flight from Waikato Heads to the Manukau Heads occupied, I suppose, about a quarter of an hour, and when we reached the opening I began to chuckle, wondering what the lighthouse-keeper would think. I learnt afterwards that he didn't even see us, but heard us, and didn't know what to make of it. His lighthouse is not high, but it was in the clouds that day. I felt my way into the harbor, picked up the northern shore-line, and careered along about twenty feet above it, now quite happy again because there was a reasonable chance of pulling off a landing if need be. Several times I had wondered if Mac was behind, and if so, how he was enjoying it. The Puss Moth was at Hobsonville Aerodrome, the other side of the city and over a

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two or three hundred foot ridge—it might as well have been at Sydney as far as I was concerned, for there was no chance of crossing.

I was now making for Mangere. Of course, I knew the lie of the land intimately. Part of my cross-country confidence comes from the possession of a photographic type of brain for ground detail as seen from the air. I do not require a constant succession of 'fixes' as most people do. It was essential to keep one's eye absolutely glued to the shore-line, and of course, under present circumstances, the horizon-line was limited to about 150 yards—that is, about five seconds' flight. Therefore it was also essential to know something about the direction and approximate length of the various stretches of shore-line *even before we came to the end of them;* otherwise there was a risk of getting off the shore-line at a tangent and losing oneself hopelessly over the waste of waters of the great harbor. With an airplane throttled down to minimum cruising speed, one cannot turn suddenly and severely, because one would run grave risk of stalling.

My only considerable anxiety concerned a narrow spit which ran out into the harbor; for when I reached the end of that, I had to be ready to open the throttle wide and do as sharp a turn as I dared, through 180 degrees, in order to get back on to the shore-line.

Once this turn was satisfactorily and safely achieved, our troubles were over, for the cloud-level lifted a little and enabled us to pick up the Mangere hangar while it was still a quarter of a mile distant. I slipped in quietly off the backwater which touches one flank of the aerodrome, and taxied up to the hangar just as its door opened and the ground engineer emerged.

We had occupied one hour fifty minutes in flying from Hamilton, a bare seventy-five miles distant on a direct course, and as our average cruising speed had been about eighty-five miles an hour, the extent of our detour will be realized.

My passenger descended, stamped his feet, and flogged his arms. His eyes were alight with pleasure. He said to the ground engineer, 'That's the first time I've ever been in an airplane, and I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed it.' Turning to me, he added, 'But I'd no idea one flew so near the ground; weren't we *exceptionally* low?'

I caught the eye of the engineer and hastily looked away, saying, 'Yes, we were a bit lower than usual; it's more interesting.'

The engineer choked on a laugh; then he invited us to go in and join him over a cup of tea which had just been brewed.

You want to know about Mac? Oh yes, he came on. But he was a quarter of an hour after me, and when he got to Waikato Heads the cloud-level had shut down right on to the sea. He didn't fancy the run back down the river, so he put his machine down on the sands which I had thought looked soft. They were soft. He turned over on his back. It took him nearly a week to get the machine repaired, and then he flew off at low tide, down where the sand was firm, you know. For weeks afterwards, whenever I met him I used to say, 'Hullo, Mac; what about Waikato Heads?'

Why do you turn over on soft sand? Well, most of the weight in a single-engined tractor airplane is well forward. During the pulling-up landing

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run, this weight changes from airborne to land-borne. If the ground is soft, the wheels get pushed in, and stop before the forward movement of the machine has ceased: there's only one thing *can* happen then—you somersault. However, my turn came.

V

I was kicking my heels in the Rotorua hangar one evening, waiting for it to get dark enough to pack up, when the telephone bell rang, and an agitated voice asked if I could take a doctor to Opotiki for an urgent operation. Opotiki is nearly an hour's flight from Rotorua, on the coast. I said it would be dark long before we could get there. The voice said that there was a child concerned, a matter of life and death.

'Tell him I'll take him in the Gipsy if he's prepared to risk a beach landing.'

There was a consultation the other end, and then the voice said, 'He says if it's good enough for you, it's good enough for him.'

'Very well,' I replied, 'get him here as quickly as you can.'

We had only just got the Gipsy out, the wings spread, and the engine running, when a car came tearing down the Whakarewarewa road and pulled up in a cloud of dust alongside.

I forgot to say that 'Voice' was a director of the company, and I had asked him to try and find out the state of the tide in the Bay of Plenty. They tumbled out of the car, the doctor clutching his bag. He was wearing a bowler hat; I think he'd forgotten that the Gipsy was open. My boy quietly lifted his hat off and tied on a flying helmet. We borrowed a coat for him out of the back of 'Voice's' car, and the boy helped him into the front seat and put the belt on for him. 'Make sure it's fast and fairly tight,' I whispered. 'Voice' heard me, and began to chuckle.

'Did you find out anything about the tide?' I asked, while the doctor demanded that his bowler hat be handed him.

'No,' was the reply; 'it doesn't matter; there's plenty of room even at high tide on that beach.'

'Yes; on the soft stuff,' I replied. 'Well, you're a director; you'll have to back me up if we turn her over.'

'Voice' looked at the back of our unconscious victim, nicely tucked in and in happy ignorance of the subject of conversation; then he began to chuckle again. He was a Scot, and he had a fat attractive chuckle. 'Oh, doctor-r, if yer o-only kne-ew!' (I can hear the very tone and expression today, years later.)

He spoke softly, but I think my boy heard him; anyhow, he tumbled to the topic, for I saw the ghost of a smile on his solemn young face as he, too, surveyed the back of the doctor. Then he said, without smiling, 'He's got his bowler hat!'

That nearly did it, for both 'Voice' and I burst out laughing, and the doctor looked round in surprise. I ran up the engine, and then took off.

There is some high ground between Rotorua and Opotiki, and we crossed it in the last few minutes of daylight. There is little twilight in those latitudes, but what there is provides very lovely effects on a summer's evening. I came down to just above tree-level and pushed along with the throttle wide open. As we passed over Whakatane, rather more than half-way,

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the lights were on in the streets and houses, and people ran out, interested concerning such a late air traveler. There was no such thing as night flying in New Zealand in those days, and I don't suppose there is even now. I had to climb to cross a hill, and then I swept down to the magnificent seventy-five mile beach of the Bay of Plenty, peering eagerly to see where the tide-line was. To my disgust, but as I had expected, it was well up. It was most irritating, for this was one of the few beaches which would have offered safe landing at half-tide.

VI

It was now absolutely dark, and the view downwards was blackness except for the faint luminous line of the breaking waves. I could not even see my instruments. I climbed about a couple of hundred feet as near as I could guess, because I wanted to get a sight of the lights of Opotiki before we reached there. We might just as well land as near the place as possible. It lay about two hundred yards back from the beach, behind a row of sand-hills. Flying conditions were delightful. Out of a very dark-blue velvety sky millions of stars were shining, and just as I picked up the lights of the township the moon rose from the middle waters of the bay. I did not speak to my passenger, but I was pretty sure that he would be enjoying it. He may have flown once before, but not more, I think: these inexperienced passengers are a great comfort. I thought about the child, and wondered if she were still alive: I felt that all was going to be well, for her at any rate.

I touched ground like a feather; could not have done better by daylight. Of course, the breaking waves were a perfect guide, and I could do as long a glide as I liked. However, just as we began to pull up and I was beginning to breathe freely, I felt my tail lifting, and me with it. I knew what that meant. I had already switched off, and now as I reached to turn the petrol off, I heard the splintering from in front which told of the end of my good airscrew. Then we flopped over on to our back. Upside-down in my cockpit, firmly belted in, I called out to my passenger, 'Are you all right?'

'Yes,' came the rather doubtful reply, 'but I can't move.'

'Don't try,' I said. 'Wait till I come.' Then I undid my belt, dropped out on my head, of course, and went forward to see that he didn't do the same.

After I had eased him out, together with his bag of weapons *and* his blessed bowler hat, which he'd never let go, we dusted ourselves, and I said, 'Well, that's that; do you think you'll be all right for the operation?'

'Great Scot, yes,' was the cheerful reply. 'If that's all there is to turning over in an airplane I don't mind doing it again!'

'No, maybe not, but my company will,' I murmured ruefully.

Ten minutes later we were in the town, and half-an-hour after that he'd begun to operate. It was a touch-and-go affair, but he pulled it off as I'd known he would. Good man, that doctor.

I asked him not to tell anyone about the airplane, and I managed to get it off the sands early next morning, and into the drill hall for repair and reërection before anyone was about

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except the garage people, who helped me dismantle and tow it in. You soon learn to become a man of your hands in these new countries.

But of course the news leaked out in flying circles. The next time I met MacGregor I didn't say, 'Hullo, Mac; what about Waikato Heads?' I suggested a drink without any preliminary. But Mac looked at me and said solemnly, 'Hullo, Money; how's Opotiki Beach?'

It isn't many years ago, but I can't ask him now. After setting the seal on his civil flying career by putting up a record flight in the England-Australia race, he became chief pilot to Union Airways in New Zealand. He made his last flight from New Plymouth to Wellington on a day of wretched visibility, creeping round by the coast as we have so often had to do. He was in the act of landing when his wing caught the vane of the anemometer on a meteorological hut, only a few feet from the ground. The machine crashed nose first, and Malcolm MacGregor was killed.

Some day my turn will come, and I, too, shall find myself in that lowest hall of heaven reserved for mad aviators. And I shall meet Mac again, and I shall say, 'Hullo, Mac; what about Waikato Heads?' And he will say, 'Hullo, Money; how's Opotiki Beach?'

The Fifty Governesses

Difficulties on the cultural front in Greece have for long been worrying the Nazi Foreign Department. Attempts to organize scholarly get-together study of Aryanism in all aspects were unsuccessful. Nazi agents reported that English influence still remained predominate and that Germany was nowhere. A confidential and skilled investigator dispatched to analyze the situation and advise on a new 'approach' reported that there was one factor primarily responsible for the triumph of British influence. In the heart of every wealthy family was an individual radiating British culture in all its forms. It was a tradition of upper class Greek life to employ an English governess. The Nazi Foreign Department decided to storm this citadel. Fifty German girls of unequaled cultural attainments were hastily instructed in Greek and during May and June sent out to Athens. A sharp struggle ensued, and for a time it seemed that the English governesses strongly entrenched behind prejudice and vested interest would hold their position. But the advent of Metaxas turned the scale. The German governesses have now established themselves, and a second contingent even more culturally equipped than the first is about to leave for Greece.

—From the *Week*, London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Films in Birth

FOR those who have been wondering what has become of the great Russian directors Pudovkin and Eisenstein, Leo Lania, Moscow journalist, has interesting news. Writing in the *Neue Weltbühne*, Mr. Lania says:—

During the last few years Soviet movies have passed through a severe crisis. Here in Moscow the silent picture owed its artistic perfection not only to the individual achievements of outstanding experts but also to the collective struggle to work out the particular principles and methods of this art. The first result of the transition to the talking picture was a great step backward. To be sure, in other countries also some time elapsed before the new invention was absorbed technically and artistically. But in the Soviet Union technical difficulties, lack of material, and the inadequacy of the first machines were additional factors.

More critical, however, was the fact that the great masters of the Soviet film had to begin all over again. In other countries the talking picture began as filmed theater. In Moscow, where the motion picture was recognized from the beginning as an artistic expression equal to, though basically different from, the theater, new paths were sought at once. That was difficult.

There was, moreover, the fear that the spoken word would not be as easily comprehended by the masses of the Soviet Russian public as the silent picture had been; the pictures were overburdened with dialogue.

Thus a comparatively long period of stagnation ensued. Only in the past year have traces of new progress become evident. But they remained for the moment sporadic; they were interesting experiments, like Piscator's *Fishermen's Rebellion* or accidental hits like the *Chapayev* of the Brothers Vassiliev.

Even though more recently the Soviet talking picture has given ample proof of technical and artistic progress, it has not yet surpassed in subject matter the position achieved by the silent film. The Civil War and the Revolution have remained the prevailing subjects. All the more attention should therefore be given to the present attempts to infuse new cultural substance into the film. It is no accident that these experiments are being initiated by the two directors who stood at the cradle of the silent film and who thus became teachers of the art of the motion picture far beyond the borders of the Soviet Union.

At present Pudovkin is working on a picture the script of which has been written by the dramatist Sarchi, who was killed in an automobile accident a year ago. He was acclaimed as the best scenario writer in the Soviet Union.

The subject: a famous aviator attempts to carry through the first stratosphere flight around the world. It is his brother's most ardent desire to accompany him on this flight. This desire is not fulfilled. The aviator meets with an accident and is reported missing. While the leading aviators of the Soviet Union are searching for their missing comrade, his brother sees a chance to continue the work of the man believed to be dead. He volunteers for the flight around the world. One man crashes; another takes his place. But it is here that the true problem of the drama starts.

'We want to contrast,' says Pudovkin, 'the genuine heroism, the heroism of the Socialist man who is rooted in collectivism, with the individual heroism of the record-hunter. This brother certainly acts courageously, but he acts wrongly. In reality

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he is driven by vanity and ambition and not by a sense of duty. He really betrays the brother in whose name he wants to carry out the flight. He is really glad that the brother has met with an accident and that he now can take his place; therefore he does not participate in the rescue expeditions, which he regards as hopeless. The missing aviator is saved and immediately resumes the interrupted flight. This time the brother is permitted to accompany him—after having realized how pettily and egotistically he has been thinking and acting until now. The flight is successful; both brothers are heroes; both are—first.'

This subject is an extremely difficult one to treat. Pudovkin has been working on the outdoor shots, which have been made in the Antarctic, where the aviator meets with the accident. Pudovkin speaks of his picture with enthusiasm; we hope for a great and important film.

EISENSTEIN has a difficult year behind him. After an interruption of several years, imposed upon him by his theoretical works and by his lectures at the Academy of the Art of the Cinema, he returned to practical work; then he was taken severely ill. He was bedridden for months; for weeks he hovered between life and death. As soon as he had recovered he took up his work, but contracted influenza and was again confined to his bed for weeks. But I recently saw him at work in the new and marvelously equipped studios of the Moscow film factory, and I did not see any traces of those months of suffering (aside from the fact that he has lost his famous mane of hair: his head was shaved during his illness).

The subject of his new picture? A true event, one which occurred during the collectivizing of a Ukranian village. Out of revenge, a peasant has murdered his son, a young Communist who has denounced him to the Soviet authorities as a kulak. An almost biblical subject, the age-old motif of the conflict between father and son.

The picture is entitled *Bezhan Lug*. It is the title of a story by Turgeniev, the name of a village. In his story, the great Russian poet describes how in the evening the shepherds gather around a fire to talk about their lives and their experiences. These conversations are contrasted with the events of the film, which occur in this vicinity. The same place, yet other people.

Eisenstein is constructing his picture like a biblical drama—a sweeping epoch. For the first time he is creating not collective drama but a family tragedy. The collectivization, the social struggle in the village, are but the background.

For the rôle of the hero, Eisenstein has found a twelve-year-old Moscow working-class boy who shows all the marks of becoming an international star—to judge from the screen tests. His acting is stirringly genuine. Two actors of the Moscow Art Theater are playing with him, but at the same time many men and women whom Eisenstein has found in the streets and the fields, and whose characterizations are unforgettable.

Eisenstein is already planning his next picture: *Moscow*. He claims that the picture will show the new Moscow. The center of the plot is a 'White' who has been granted amnesty after ten years of exile, and who at once attempts to renew the old fight against the Soviet Powers. But he realizes with horror that time has passed him by. He is lost even before he has started the fight. The new Russia can no longer be destroyed; the new life is so manifold, so rich, that the 'White,' with his credo and his weapons, is helpless in the face of it.

In the studio work proceeds day and night, in three shifts. There are vehement discussions between directors, operators and scenario writers, about the form and content of the art of the motion picture, about artistic and cultural problems. The film industry has made rapid progress in the last years; from all parts of the Union enormous sums have been pledged for the

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construction of new studios and new motion picture houses. For 1940 an annual production of eight hundred pictures is planned.

Hearing all this, and judging from the latest achievements, one must predict for the Soviet art of the motion picture a development which promises to be decisive for the whole world.

ANOTHER piece of cinema news comes from the *Giornale d'Italia*, whose movie critic, Fabrizio Sarazani, reports on the progress of a new French film:—

A few months ago the French director Pierre Chenal began work on a magnificent Italian novel which we feel sure will be handled and developed not only as a good scenario but as an excellent film: *The Late Mattia Pascal*, by Luigi Pirandello. This will be the second film version of this novel. Its silent form, created eleven years ago by the French director L'Herbier, is still being shown in France as an example of the richness, movement and interest of a film drawn from literary sources.

Pierre Chenal is considered to be one of the most able and intelligent directors in Europe today. He belongs to that group of artists who have been following the cinema with the intention of creating a new art out of it—that is to say, in the vanguard, along with Trenker, Ben Hecht and MacArthur. He has not been dismayed by so-called 'difficult' themes, and since his boyhood his approach to the screen has been less to gain popular successes than to overcome the public's 'bourgeois' resistance to films whose value is primarily artistic. His first film was called *La Rue sans nom*, and the protagonist of the story was a street in a suburb of Paris. The drama was developed by means of a simple and bitter description of the unlimited misery and filth of the street. There was no single star in the film, but a group of people who in the course of the different scenes and close-ups acquire character and physiognomy. Thus the essence of this first attempt of Chenal's lay in doing away with leading characters and in conforming completely to the atmosphere and climate needed to create the dark and miserable life of the street. In the same way, the best part of Chenal's film version of *Crime and Punishment* is the frame in which the drama is set.

The scenario for *The Late Mattia Pascal* was completed some months ago, and Chenal has already had Pirandello's unqualified approval of it. The film will conform to the events of the drama, and the frame will attempt to translate into action that part of the book in which the exasperated introspection of Mattia Pascal brings the story to a standstill.

In fact there will be only two modifications of the plot, both of which attest to the clear intelligence with which Chenal transforms literature into material for the screen. Whereas in the novel Pascal is the owner of a small bookshop, in the film he is represented as an employee of the Government Censorship Office, living in the very midst of those cards and indexes which inexorably fix the personality of every citizen—that personality of which, through a jest of Fate, Pascal's faked death forever robs him. The second modification consists in the necessarily more rapid development of the characters. In fact, when Pascal returns to his native country his appearance has altered sufficiently to enable him to attend his own funeral.

In spite of these changes, the essential points of the description of this bitter Pirandellesque novel have not been altered, and the dialogue conforms to the style required in a scenario, which invests it with a visual quality. Thus the art of directing begins on paper, and, contrary to what many screen authorities have said, a fine film can be made from a fine novel if the art of the director is capable of raising it to the level of the work he has set out to adapt.

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Aux Armes, Citoyennes!

Mr. Henry de Montherlant is the author of a book which was for a time the most talked of in France. But it was not the book's literary merits which were discussed: Montherlant has been a promising author ever since his *La Relève du Matin*, and an accepted one since *Les Célibataires*. In common with many contemporary writers he has for a long time taught the double doctrine of negation and affirmation, has been the exponent of pessimism, of a half-resentful acceptance of everything, and has sung paeans to physical reality, which he finds the most satisfying.

His last book, *Les jeunes Filles*, which Mr. Raymond Mortimer reviews elsewhere in this issue, is full of a Proustian wealth of sensuous detail: it sounds like a D. H. Lawrence gone frivolous. But Paris is not Boston: it is not Montherlant's frankness that bothers his readers. The greater part of *Les jeunes Filles*, which has a strong autobiographical flavor (its hero, Costa, a young, attractive and successful author, might very well be Montherlant himself), is composed of letters written to the hero by adoring females. Some of them, from 'Andrée Hacquebaut' (whom the hero jilts for a simple girl who gives herself to him without any fuss whatsoever), have a quite authentic ring, and their frustrated passion is very disturbing.

The question is: has Montherlant used actual fan mail? For a month the Paris literary weekly, the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, has been swamped with letters reflecting the reactions of other potential letter-writers—all of them, of course, women. Most of them have identified themselves with the unfortunate Andrée. Some of them feel flattered, others betrayed.

'Is Andrée an actual person?' writes one. 'I reply that she is not a creature of the author's imagination: one may be sure he has used letters he received from one or more women.'

'There are many Andrées, sublime and idiotic Andrées, in life,' writes another, sentimentally, 'and it is life that has cured them.'

'Andrée is convincing—but convincing like a caricature drawn by an angry cartoonist.'

'Mr. de Montherlant,' writes an authoress acrimoniously, 'whose desires are as public as his faults, is as utilitarian as he is talented. But if much is forgiven him, it is not because he has loved much!'

'Your book . . . is full of an admirable pity for women.'

'You make women suffer because they at once exasperate you and make you sorry for them.'

'Have you no mother, sister or wife that you don't know enough not to make such a mistake?'

'You are a cad. I tell you this in the name . . . of all women, who will not write to you for fear that their letters, duly doctored up, will be presented in your next book. . . .'

Mr. de Montherlant shrugs his shoulders and says: 'Pity the writer!' But it may be observed that in his sequel, *Pitié pour les femmes*, excerpts from which have been appearing in the *Nouvelles Littéraires*, he seems to be treating his heroine much more kindly.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Justice at Night

By Martha Gellhorn

From the *Spectator*, London

We got off the day coach at Trenton, New Jersey, and bought a car for $28.50. It was an eight-year-old Dodge open touring car and the back seat was full of fallen leaves. A boy, who worked for the car dealer, drove us to the City Hall to get an automobile license, and he said: 'The boss gypped the pants off you, you should of got this machine for $20 flat and it's not worth that.' So we started out to tour across America, which is, roughly speaking, a distance of 3,000 miles.

I have to tell this because without the car, and without the peculiarly weak insides of that car, we should not have seen a lynching.

It was September, and as we drove south the days were dusty and hot and the sky was pale. We skidded in dust that was as moving and uncertain as sand, and when we stopped for the night we scraped it off our faces and shook it from our hair like powder. So, finally, we thought we'd drive at night, which would be cooler anyhow, and we wouldn't see the dust coming at us.

The beauty of America is its desolation: once you leave New England and the industrial centers of the East you feel that no one lives in the country at all. In the South you see a few people, stationary in the fields, thinking or just standing, and broken shacks where people more or less live, thin people who are accustomed to semi-starvation and crops that never quite pay enough. The towns or villages give an impression of belonging to the flies; and it is impossible to imagine that on occasion these languid people move with a furious purpose.

We drove through Mississippi at night, trying to get to a town called Columbia, hoping that the hotel would be less slovenly than usual and that there would be some food available. The car broke down. We did everything we could think of doing, which wasn't much, and once or twice it panted wearily; and then there was silence. We sat in it and cursed and wondered what to do. No one passed; there was no reason for anyone to pass. The roads are bad and mosquitoes sing too close the minute you stop moving. And the only reason to go to a small town in Mississippi is to sell something, or try to sell, and that doesn't happen late at night.

It was thirty miles or more to Columbia and we were tired. If it hadn't been for the mosquitoes we should simply have slept in the car and hoped that someone would drive past in the morning. As it was we smoked cigarettes and swatted at ourselves and swore and hated machinery and talked about the good old days when people got about in stage-coaches. It didn't make things better and we had fallen into a helpless silence when we heard a car coming. From some distance we could hear it banging over the ruts in the road. We climbed out and stood so the headlights would find us and presently a truck appeared, swaying crazily. It stopped and a man leaned out. As a matter of fact, he sagged out the side, and he had a bottle in one hand, waving it at us.

'Anything wrong?' he said.

We explained about the car and asked for a lift. He pulled his head into the truck and consulted with the driver. Then he reappeared and said they'd give us a lift to Columbia later, but first they were going to a lynching and if we didn't mind the detour. . . .

We climbed into the truck.

'Northerners?' the driver said. 'Where did you-all come from?'

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We said that we had driven down from Trenton, New Jersey, and he said, 'In that old piece of tin?' referring to our car. The other man wiped the neck of the bottle by running his finger around inside it, and offered it to me. 'Do you good,' he said, 'Best corn outside Kentucky.'

It was no time to refuse hospitality. I drank some of the stuff, which had a taste like gasoline, except that it was like gasoline on fire, and he handed it to my friend Joe, who also drank some and coughed, and they both laughed.

I said timidly: 'Who's getting lynched?'

'Some goddam nigger, name of Hyacinth as I recollect.'

'What did he do?'

'He got after a white woman.'

I began to think with doubt and disgust of this explanation. So I asked who the woman was.

'Some widow woman, owns land down toward Natchez.'

'How old is she?' Joe asked. Joe was in doubt, too.

'Christ, she's so old she ought to of died. She's about forty or fifty.'

'And the boy?'

'You mean that nigger Hyacinth?'

I said yes, and was told that Hyacinth was about nineteen, though you couldn't always tell with niggers; sometimes they looked older than they were and sometimes younger.

'What happened?' Joe said. 'How do you know she got raped?'

'She says so,' the driver said. 'She's been screaming off her head about it ever since this afternoon. She run down to the next plantation and screamed and said hang that man; and she said it was Hyacinth. She ought to of knowed him anyhow; he was working for her sometime back.'

'How do you mean? Was he a servant?'

'No,' the driver said, 'he was working on her land, on shares. Most of her croppers moved off by now; she don't give them any keep and they can't make the crop if they don't get nothing to eat all winter. She sure is cruel hard on niggers, that woman; she's got a bad name for being a mean one.'

'Well,' Joe said, very gently, 'it doesn't look likely to me that a boy of nineteen would go after a woman of forty or fifty. Unless she's very beautiful, of course.'

'Beautiful,' the man with the bottle said. 'Jees, you ought to see her. They could stick her out in a field and she'd scare the crows to death.'

We bumped in silence over the roads. I couldn't think of anything to say. These men were evidently going to the lynching, but I didn't see that they were blind with anger against the Negro, or burning to avenge the honor of the nameless widow. Joe whispered to me: 'You know, we can't just sit and take this. I don't believe the boy did anything to that woman. We can't just sit around and let a man get hung, you know.'

I began to feel hot and nervous and I decided I'd like a drink even if it was corn whisky. But I couldn't think of anything to do.

'How many people will be coming? A big crowd?' I asked.

'Yeah. They been getting the word around all evening. Some of the boys gonna go down and spring the jail. That's easy. Sheriff don't plan on holding that nigger till trial time anyhow. There'll be a lot of folks driving in from all over the county. They been telephoning around this afternoon and visiting folks and it gets around if there's trouble with a nigger. There'll be plenty folks there.'

'But,' Joe said, this time desperately, 'you don't know that he did anything to that woman. You haven't any proof, have you?'

'She says he did,' the driver said, 'That's enough for us. You gotta take a white woman's word any time before you take a nigger's. Helluva place it'd be if you said white folks lied and niggers told the truth.'

'But you said he worked for her,' Joe went on. 'You said she was mean and

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didn't give her share-croppers decent rations. He's so much younger than she is, too, and you said she wasn't any beauty. He may have been going to see her to ask for money for food and he may have gotten mad and raised his arm or something that made her think he was going to strike her. . . .'

'Lissen, sonny,' the man with the bottle said quietly, finally, 'this here ain't none of your goddam business.'

We drove in silence, lurching against each other, and the driver took a drink, steering with one hand, and then the other man drank. They were sore, I could see that. They'd come out to get drunk and have a good time and here we were, asking questions and spoiling their fun. They were getting a grim drunk, not a laughing one, and they were sore about it. They didn't offer us the bottle any more.

The road widened and ahead we could see tail lights. The driver stepped on the gas and the truck rattled forward. We passed a touring car with six men in it; I saw some shotguns. 'That you, Danny?' the driver shouted. 'Hi, Luke, see you later.'

We were evidently going to an appointed meeting place. I asked about this. 'They'll bring him up from jail,' the man with the bottle said. 'We all are gonna get together at the Big Elm crossroads.'

There were more cars now and the road was better. 'Almost there,' the driver said, and for no reason at all the man with the bottle said, 'Attaboy,' and laughed and slapped his leg.

There was no moon. I saw an enormous tree, and, though there were no doubt others, it stood by itself and had a curious air of usefulness. The roads forked, and there were shapeless dark cars sprawled in the dust and men waiting in groups, laughing, drinking, and looking down the road for something to appear; something that would give this party meaning. I couldn't judge the crowd but there must have been about fifty cars, and these cars travel full.

Presently a line of cars came up the road. They were going as fast as they could over the ruts. They stopped and men poured out of them, not making much noise, apparently knowing what they had to do as if it were a ritual, or something they had practised often before. Some of these men seemed to be the poorest of white farmers: tenants or share-croppers themselves. Tattered clothes, the usual thin unhinged bodies, that soiled look of people who live in little crowded places. There were one or two men who seemed to be there on principle, as one would go to a dinner party because it was an obligation, but a very boring one, and a few men, rather more compact than the others, who directed the show. It was hard to tell in this light, but they seemed men of middle age mostly, householders, heads of families, reliable people. Joe was saying now: 'I'd like to kill somebody myself.'

I couldn't think of anything at all. I kept wondering why we were here. I hadn't seen Hyacinth yet.

But Hyacinth was there, surrounded by men. He had been brought in one of the last cars. I heard a man say: 'Hurry up before the bastard dies of fright.' Hyacinth was walked across the road, through an open space, to the great tree. He had his hands tied and there was a rope around his waist. They were dragging him; his legs curled under him and his head seemed loose and heavy on his neck. He looked small and far too quiet. They had torn off his shirt.

The men gathered around; they came without any commands and stood at a distance to give the leaders room to work. There was not any decisive noise, no cheering or shouting, but just a steady threatening murmur of anger or determination. The action moved fast, with precision.

A sedan drove up and stopped under the tree. A man climbed on to the top quickly. Another. They stood black against the sky. From beneath, a group of men, shoving and pushing, got Hyacinth's limp

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thin body up to them. Hyacinth half lay, half squatted on the roof. From the ground a length of rope sailed up, hung in the air, curved and fell. A man tried again and the rope caught and hung down from a limb.

The noosed end was thrown to one of the men standing on the car-roof. He held it and shook Hyacinth. There were no words now, only vague instructions, half-spoken. The crowd stood still; you could hear the mosquitoes whining.

The other man held something in his hand; it looked like a great jug. He held it over Hyacinth, who shivered suddenly, and came to life. His voice rose out of him like something apart, and it hurt one's ears to listen to it; it was higher than a voice can be, not human. 'Boss,' he said, 'Boss I didn't do nuthin, don't burn me, Boss, Boss . . .' The crowd had trembled now, stirred by his voice, and there were orders to hurry, to kill the bastard, what the hell were they waiting for. . . .

The two men held him up and put the noose around his neck, and now he was making a terrible sound, like a dog whimpering. The minute they let go, he slacked into a kneeling position and his whole body seemed to shrink and dwindle and there was this noise he made. The two men jumped down from the roof; the rope was taut now. The car started and the silly sound of the starter failing to work, then the hesitant acceleration of the motor were so important that nothing else was heard; there were no other sounds anywhere; just these, and a moment's waiting. The car moved forward, fast. Hyacinth skidded and fought an instant—less than an instant—to keep his footing or some hold, some safety. He snapped from the back of the car, hung suspended, twirling a little on the rope, with his head fallen sideways. I did not know whether he was dead. There was a choked sound beside me and it was Joe, crying, sitting there crying, with fury, with helplessness, and I kept looking at Hyacinth and thinking: 'It can't have happened.'

There had been a noise, a sudden gutteral sound as of people breathing out a deep breath, when the rope carried Hyacinth twisting into the air. Now a man came forward with a torch made of newspaper, burning. He reached up and the flames licked at Hyacinth's feet. He had been soaked in kerosene to make it easy, but the flames didn't take so well at first. Then they got on to his trousers and went well, shooting up, and there was a hissing sound and I thought a smell. I went away and was sick.

When I came back the cars were going off down the road quietly. And men were calling to each other saying: 'So long, Jake . . .' 'Hi there, Billy . . .' 'See you t'morrow, Sam. . . .' Just saying goodnight to each other and going home.

The driver and the man with the bottle came back to the truck and got in. They seemed in a good frame of mind. The driver said: 'Well, there won't be no more fresh niggers in these parts for a while. We'll get you to Columbia now. Sorry we hadta keep you waiting . . .'

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BOOKS ABROAD

An Adventurer of the Spirit

A. R. Orage: *A Memoir. By Philip Mairet. With an introduction by G. K. Chesterton. London: Dent. 1936.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

THE late A. R. Orage was a man who in the decade before the War exercised a most remarkable formative influence over the younger generation of London journalists. After the War he left our shores for some years, and returned in 1930 to a Fleet Street whose rising men had meanwhile learned to worship other gods; and in 1934 he died. His two incursions into journalism, marked by his editorship first of the *New Age* and afterwards of the *New English Weekly*, were stages in a life of adventure, intellectual and spiritual, which Mr. Mairet has recorded here with unfailing sympathy and with as much clearness of exposition as the nature of his theme admits; for Orage, more than any man of affairs of his time, more even than F. S. Oliver, moved in two worlds. He was, moreover, convinced that the pattern of the other could somehow be traced in this, and his life was made up of a series of, on the whole, unsuccessful efforts to trace it. But in the process he succeeded in recreating Plato's Academy in the A.B.C. shop in Chancery Lane; and no one who was privileged to be even a minor or usually silent member of that circle will ever forget the inspiration of its central figure.

Nevertheless, judged by any standards, including his own, Orage's life was a failure. For him, far more than for most of us, it was consciously a case of 'on earth the broken arcs.' The mystic would describe him as one who sought the beatific vision but did not attain it, the psychologist as one who never succeeded in integrating his personality. Mr. Mairet is alive to this latter aspect of his temperament:—

'The acute sensibility and responsiveness of mind in which lay so much of his personal magnetism was due to a feminine element in his character of which he was well aware, though he could never wholly accept it. He feared it, as men often do, and made matters more difficult by additional efforts to stiffen his character and harden his mental texture, which, as is usually the case with such efforts, especially if undertaken in mature years, were far from achieving their object but brought on tortured and precarious feelings.'

This reluctance to recognize the feminine element in his make-up complicated his relations with women and led him into situations on which Mr. Mairet touches with tactful reticence. On the other hand, it asserted itself in impetuous demands for swift and drastic means to attain desired social ends. It was indeed this passion for short cuts which made it impossible for his life to be all of a piece.

Orage was born in humble circumstances and owed to the kindness of the local squire the education which enabled him to begin active life as an elementary school-teacher in Leeds. He was a man on whom such kindness was readily bestowed. Another of his friends gave him the little sum on which he came to London, and a third found the capital required to start the *New Age*. In his Leeds days he sought to better the world by reforming its taste; but even in those days he was interested in Socialism because it seemed to him to be progressive, and he was one to whom life meant first and foremost a progress. But with the idea of an autocratic but benevolent, because Socialistic, State he had no sympathy whatever. His concern was always with the encouragement and growth of personality.

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His discovery of Nietzsche influenced him profoundly, and he felt the superman in him stir sufficiently for him to come to London and seat himself in an editor's chair. There, though he longed for comradeship, he could brook no colleague; but he had a wonderful way of making his writers show off their quality, and, as Mr. Mairet justly says, he provided his readers 'with a weekly tournament of Socialist ideas, to elevate their style and increase their skill, both in thought and in debate.' Shaw, Wells, Chesterton, Belloc, and Bennett were his stars, and among the younger writers whom he discovered were Katherine Mansfield and Herbert Read.

Had he lived in a more tranquil age this dialectical brilliance might have sufficed him. But the ideas which were to inspire the suffragette movement were astir in him also, and he made the mistake of believing that Socialism had found its Mrs. Parkhurst in Victor Grayson. Orage's close association with Grayson did not last long, and it certainly helped to raise his paper to the height of its reputation. Nevertheless it was the beginning of the end of his career as a political journalist. Others beside the present reviewer, then trying out his 'prentice hand in the columns of the *New Age*, began to give up hope of ever inducing Orage to stay in the cave and give rhythm and coherence to the movements of the shadows on the wall. He himself lingered long enough to realize that economics mattered more than politics and money power more than either; and in the early nineteen-twenties he began to make his own strange way into the upper air.

He became a disciple of Gourdyev, whose central doctrine that there were not three levels of consciousness, animal, human and divine, but a fourth intermediate between the last two and therefore attainable by man at his highest, gave Orage precisely the metaphysic for which he craved.

For the attainment of this true self-consciousness a discipline was necessary. To acquire it Orage went to the Gourdyev Institute at Fontainebleau, where he remained for rather more than a year. The curriculum, a strange blend of mysticism, psychology and eurhythmics, all dominated by the personality of the master himself, involved muscular, emotional and mental exercises whereby 'the pupils were keyed up to their maximum tension and then trained—or perhaps liberated—in all three functions at once by being taught the most elaborate dancing to Tibetan music.' After completing the course Orage went to New York.

Originally sent to make arrangements for a visit to America, he remained in New York for some years—perhaps the easiest of a life which, as his biographer points out, was true to his name of storm. It was during this time that he remarried and had a son. There can, indeed, be little doubt that the unifying discipline had tightened and strengthened his personality; and Mr. Mairet prints a remarkable letter from Mr. John Cowper Powys in which Orage is revealed as a man who had risen to sainthood by the acquisition of true humility—self-realization and not self-abasement. But his scheme of life had a weakness fatal in Orage's eyes. All his achievement was rooted in the personality of another, his Master, a condition wholly incompatible with Being as Orage understood the term.

It was to be himself that in 1930 Orage returned to England after eight years' absence. He took up his practical thought where he had left it, and set himself to popularize Social Credit. But for him the effective distribution of wealth was no more than an indispensable condition to an attack on life's real problems, and as the years began to tell on him he was more and more oppressed by the sense that those about him were unaware that these problems even existed. They dwelt in the realm of opinion, whereas he was athirst for knowledge. Inevitably the punctilious discharge of his weekly duties as editor imposed an ever-increasing strain on him.

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It reached its climax when he received an invitation to broadcast. He took infinite pains over the preparation of the message which he was to deliver to listening millions and by a final effort was able to deliver it. So exhausted was he, however, after his speech that even he, who thought nothing of orthodox medicine, agreed to see a doctor in the morning; but when morning came he was found to have died peacefully in his sleep.

Totalitarian War

THE NATION AT WAR. *By General Ludendorff. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. London: Hutchinson. 1936.*

(A Military Correspondent in the *Times*, London)

THE director of Germany's military effort in the second half of the last War here sets forth his creed of national life in preparation for a future war. Addressed to his countrymen, it deserves attention by other peoples.

General Ludendorff launches a heavy attack on the theories of Clausewitz, which, as he emphasizes, moulded the minds of the leading soldiers and statesmen in the generations before 1914. Those theories have suffered some searching criticism in this country for their tendency to make policy the servant of strategy, and strategy little more than a straight lane to battle. The theoretical extravagance of Clausewitz's idea of 'absolute war' was in marked contrast to the common-sense basis of Britain's historic practice, and the common exhaustion of 1918 was the natural consequence of the delusion. But in Ludendorff's eyes the fault of Clausewitz's teaching is not that it lent itself to such extremes but that it did not go far enough. It allowed policy too much importance, and failed to realize that the Military Command must be absolutely paramount. As typical of Clausewitz he quotes a passage concluding:—

'The political goal is the *end*, and warfare is a means leading to it, and means can never be thought of without a certain end.'

For Ludendorff, the one lasting truth which Clausewitz taught was in confining the military aim 'to the annihilation of the hostile armies in battle.' (It does not disturb Ludendorff's faith, nor catch his notice, that several recent wars, including the last, have been quite definitely decided without this 'immutable principle' being fulfilled.) 'As for the rest, von Clausewitz's book belongs to a past development of history which has now been entirely superseded.' Totalitarian warfare is waged not merely between the armed forces but by entire nations against nations. (Ludendorff gives no sign of seeing the inconsistency of this conclusion with the 'immutable principle.') Hence it 'will demand of the nation to place its mental, moral, physical, and material forces in the service of the war' and, in peace, at the service of the next war. For 'warfare is the highest expression of the national "will to live" and politics must, therefore, be subservient to the conduct of war.'

It becomes clear that the main difference between Clausewitz and his successor is that the latter achieves what seemed unthinkable to the former, and 'thinks' of war as a means without an end—unless making the nation into an efficient army be considered an end in itself. This is hardly so new as Ludendorff appears to imagine. Sparta tried it, and her end lies two thousand years back.

With the purpose of manufacturing such a means of warfare, Ludendorff devotes a chapter to means of developing 'the psychical unity of the people.' It is explained at length how 'Judah and Rome' wrought Germany's defeat in the last War, helped by inherent weaknesses. 'The Christian faith, and the life shaped by it, are the prime causes of a national breakdown in the totalitarian war.' This faith must be replaced by one 'built on racial convictions, where life is rooted in an affined knowledge of God peculiar to itself:' to put it in simpler words—a belief

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in a purely German God. From this will spring a healthy nationalism in which all women will accept that their noblest task is to bear vigorous sons to 'bear the burden of the totalitarian war,' and all men will develop their powers for that purpose: in short—to breed, and be bred, for killing. The other positive suggestions which Ludendorff offers toward this problem of creating psychical unity boil down to little more than the age-old prescription of suppressing every one who expresses, or even entertains, views contrary to those of the High Command.

Ludendorff then passes on to the need for a sound and self-sufficient national economic system suited to the demands of totalitarian war, and dwells on the crippling difficulties suffered in the last War—without realizing the inherent contradiction thus offered both to his narrow concentration on attacking the 'armed forces' and to his argument that Germany was only defeated through psychical disunity. Similarly, when he reaches his own field and deals with 'the strength of armed power,' he mixes a recognition of the importance of technical means and training superiority with a traditional faith in sheer numbers; he sees that modern war is essentially individual, and requires in the fighting man an attitude and an initiative entirely different from the effects of mass discipline and mass psychology, yet fails to reflect that the totalitarian State is hardly the soil in which such individualism can flourish. Likewise, in discussing 'the army in action,' he has a welcome for all new weapons, but does not pause to consider their reaction to one another.

His message would seem to be—multiply every kind of force as much as you can, and you will get somewhere; but where, he neither wonders nor worries. To his high technical standing among the soldiers of his time the last War bore evidence, but its history raised doubts whether he had any understanding of the higher sphere of war. This book leaves no further room for doubt. By its self-exposure of his limitations it unconsciously provides the explanation why Germany, despite all her military assets, was brought to Versailles.

Carl von Ossietsky

WHAT WAS HIS CRIME? *London: Gollancz. 1936.*

(E. C. H. in the *Manchester Guardian*, Manchester)

CARL von Ossietsky has been in a concentration camp since February, 1933. In a pamphlet called *What Was His Crime?* fifteen distinguished English men and women, including Aldous Huxley, Rose Macaulay, J. B. Priestley, H. G. Wells, and Virginia Woolf, show their reasons for urging that he should receive the Nobel Prize for peace which will be granted this autumn.

The story of Ossietsky's life is a terrifying one, not simply because of the treatment he has received since the Nazis came into power but chiefly because he stood, and still stands, for ideals which were once acknowledged in civilized Europe—peace, freedom, and justice—and has been tortured only because he preached them. He was born in 1887 in Hamburg, and even before the War had seen the harm that militarism was doing to Germany. The War, throughout which he served, confirmed his opinion that 'there is nothing more devastating than the omnipotence of generals,' and he, like so many others in the rest of Europe as well as in Germany, hoped that the new Republic, with its brilliant intellectual life, meant a final break away from the disastrous rule of the army.

He maintained the whole time an extremely sane and single-minded point of view. He protested both against the wholesale shooting of demonstrating Communists by German police and against the Soviet's treatment of the followers of Trotski. He urged the Social Democrats and Communists to unite and consistently pointed out the unreality and weakness of the Republic's resistance to the old spirit

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of militarism, which was fighting the whole time to recapture its lost power.

The paper in which he expressed his views was the *Weltbühne* (World-Stage), of which he became editor in 1927. It was not unnaturally a distasteful production to the army, who finally had him charged with treason for an article in which he had hinted at Germany's secret rearming. For two years the case was held over, and when he was finally tried and convicted in 1931 (the case was heard *in camera*) he was given an opportunity to escape while the possibility of an appeal to the President was discussed. This opportunity he refused to take. He gave himself up voluntarily, explaining to a friend who was driving him to the prison and who urged him to cross the Czech frontier while there was still time, 'A man speaks with a hollow voice from across the border.'

While he was in prison a new charge was brought against him. One of the contributors to his paper had written an article which contained the words *soldiers are murderers*. His speech to the Court is one of the most remarkable and noble that any lover of peace has ever made: 'I have never stood before a court of law,' he said, 'with greater pleasure than on this occasion. The article completely represents my opinion. I am not one of those who became a pacifist when Germany was defeated in 1918. I have fought war and been a member of pacifist organizations since 1912. And I repeat that what I saw of war only confirmed my earlier opinion of it—that war brings terror and despair to mankind, and that there is nothing heroic about it . . .'

There is little to add. He returned to the office of the *Weltbühne* again, and again refused to escape, although Hitler, the true character of whose movement he had continually exposed, was rising to power. For three years he has suffered the horrors and degradations of a concentration camp and is still suffering them. Nobody has a greater right to the Nobel Prize for Peace and to the support of those who care for the ideals he fought for.

Cuisine Française

Les jeunes Filles. *By Henry de Montherlant. Paris: Grasset. 1936.*

Beloukia. *By Drieu La Rochelle. Paris: Gallimard. 1936.*

Fils du jour. *By André Thérive. Paris: Grasset. 1936.*

Journal d'un curé de campagne. *By Georges Bernanos. Paris: Plon. 1936.*

(Raymond Mortimer in the *New Statesman and Nation*, London)

WHAT a poverty of new talent in both painting and literature, in France as well as in England! Or is this, on my part, the mere dismay of a premature senility, unable to apprehend excellencies which are not familiar? The generation which preceded mine could not understand our enthusiasm for Picasso and Gide; and if there were a new Picasso or a new Gide, we should presumably be no less obtuse. But I cannot find that there are any painters or writers who excite in undergraduates an analogous and incomprehensible enthusiasm. The poverty of new talent, I conclude, is real; and due partly to the absence of 'the missing generation' and partly to the insecurity of the times. Luckily man is a long-lived animal, and during these lean years we can support ourselves on talents which were disclosed in happier decades.

This paragraph is an apology for not including any new names among the authors discussed. Though the absence of new talent is, I think, more noticeable in France than in England, the middle-aged remain formidable. Gide, Colette, Mauriac, Jules Romains, Julian Green, Schlumberger, Roger Martin du Gard, Céline, Cocteau, Montherlant, Malraux, Giraudoux, Duhamel, Jouhandeau, Drieu la Rochelle, Supervielle, Lacretelle, Marcel Aymé, Morand, Thérive, Maurois, Bernanos, Bloch—these are of very un-

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equal merit, but when any one of these (and I have surely forgotten some equally conspicuous names) writes a new novel, I feel tolerably sure of finding it a pleasure to read. And here are a few notes on four that I have lately enjoyed.

Montherlant is an aristocrat and his first novels were lyrical effusions in praise of Catholic athletes as the knights of modern chivalry. Their feeling, however, was very remote from the straight bat, Newbolt, Boy Scout or Public-School-sermon spirit, and the religion in them seemed chiefly decorative, an excuse for eloquence. In due course Montherlant shed his Catholicism, and started a flirtation with Mithraism in a novel about bull-fighting, called *Les Bestiaires*. There was no doubt about his talent, and he insolently affirmed himself with an attack on the G.O.M. of French literature. Whereas Barrès walked about Toledo with an umbrella, he, Montherlant, was the true, the post-War, Tolèdo-phile, for had he not consummated a seduction actually in the Cathedral?

In *Les Célibataires* he came nearer to the central tradition of the French novel, deserting mysticism for a study of the devastating effect of the family and money. His new book, *Les jeunes Filles*, is his best. It is the most caddish novel I have ever read. A young writer receives fan-letters from a girl, corresponds with her and meets her. She falls in love with him, he explains that she does not attract him, and boasts of his other conquests: she throws herself at his head more desperately than ever. The book ends before she goes mad, kills herself, or recovers. Evidently the conventions are rather unreasonable; there is still a notion that in a love-affair it is the woman who confers a benefit, and the man who receives it, though in these Stopesian days one might hope that the advantage was mutual. In any case, if a girl turns down a chap, no one blames her; but when a woman wants to be too kind to a man, he has to take refuge in flight or the most preposterous excuses.

But one does not need to be conventional to be shocked by the calculated brutality of M. de Montherlant's book. It is possible to sympathize with the horror which being loved inspires in his hero, but the gusto with which he tramples on the girl's feelings is as vulgar as it is ugly. Indeed, only a neurotic and probably a man with a physical distaste for all women could be so entirely without pity or tenderness. The author is at pains to tell us that we must not identify him with his hero, and I have rarely come across a novel in which this precaution was so necessary. It reads like a fragment of autobiography—that is to say, that it is utterly convincing, as well as most admirably written. A distinguished, outrageous, and prodigiously readable novel.

DRIEU LA ROCHELLE is in the best sense a poetical novelist. *Une Femme à sa fenêtre* seems to me one of the best novels since the war. His new book, *Beloukia*, is set in an imaginary Bagdad, because he required a background of civil war. (If it had been written a year later, the scene, one suspects, would be Madrid or Seville.) It is the tale of an adultery with the moral that in the end marriage wins. Whereas Montherlant hates love, and sets up the alternative of a mixture of affection and desire, Drieu, the most 'woman-conscious' of novelists, lyrically exalts the passion, and ennobles the body, while contending that there are more urgent allegiances. His language is crystalline and unaffectedly poetic, the story is a model of construction.

André Thérive is a novelist still too little known in England. He is not, I think, a natural story-teller, and his books are too much encumbered with finely observed but inessential detail. Also he lacks flame. His novels are structures of the intelligence; he invents an interesting situation, carefully plots its development, and concludes without a moral. In *Le Voyage de M. Renan* he confronted Gordon at Khartum with Renan (or rather with

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Renan's physical and intellectual double). In *Le Charbon ardent* he showed a married man in love and unable to divorce, though not a practising Catholic, because of a mysterious resistance in himself, which he has inherited, it seems, from his unknown father, a priest. In *Fils du jour* he gives us a comfortably-off bourgeois family, devout Catholics, given up to good works. The son leaves home to live with a married woman, not in the gaiety of wild oats, but in deliberate and painful renunciation of his background, earning his living in a factory, and sharing his life with a kind, unhappy, coarse-handed woman of the proletariat. A curious and interesting novel, very actual in its concern with the present revolt against the bourgeois ideal.

Finally, *Journal d'un curé de campagne*. Mr. Bernanos is a violent Catholic, in whose first novel Satan in person played a principal part; he then wrote a book about Drumont (a French Streicher of fifty years ago) in which he reproached modern Catholics with their tepidity. His new novel is the story of a parish priest in the country, an ugly, unhealthy man of the humblest origin. There is little here of the sweetness and light of Catholicism, still less of the jolly, rollicking beer-and-skittles Catholicism invented by Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton. Bernanos, like Mauriac, belongs to the Puritanical tradition which has been strong in France since the days of Port Royal. Too often Frenchmen support the Church merely as a bulwark of property and nationalism, two idols which Christ attacked with particular virulence. But for Bernanos (and Mauriac) the Church is not a sort of Primrose League, it is the mystical body of Christ; and strait is the gate. The *Journal d'un curé de campagne* is superbly written and full of somber beauty, but I think most English Catholics would consider it unduly painful, and even nasty, while non-Catholics will require to make a great effort of imagination to accept the author's premises.

These four novels are all designed as works of art, not as entertainments. The construction and actual writing are conspicuously good. Our novelists also use good materials, but too often spoil them by slovenly preparation, shapeless construction and an insipid or verbose style. Dare I suggest that there is some analogy, so far as England and France are concerned, between fiction and cooking? Or will Mrs. Woolf, herself a *cordon bleu*, hasten to champion our novelists with an enthusiasm like that Mr. Woolf has brought to the defence of our cooks?

The Flag Ship

La Nao Capitana. *By Ricardo Baroja. Madrid: Espasa-Calpe. 1936.*

(M. Mendez in the *Sol*, Madrid)

BECALMED, under a leaden sky from which the sticky, scorching breath of the tropics descends, lies a ship with canvas drooping, waiting for the strong gust of wind which will restore its dreamy activity. So lies the Flag Ship day after day, its murmuring crowd within heedless of the tumult of life which its tar-covered hull contains. Thieves, prostitutes, adventurers, impressed seamen, cautious noblemen and shady friars. Some have embarked because they were carried away by hope; the crew, because of dire necessity; some are the outcasts of a decaying society; others, the empty show of a sovereignty to be exercised beyond the seas. For a roof, the dark sky shut off from sight by sails and cordage. For a floor, wooden boards formerly swaying but now dully creaking. To this varied company the ship is a common world; a small world which obeys the orders of the captain, who is guided by a primitive code which begins with a whiplash and ends with death.

A Spanish story of the ancient sea. Toward the Indies come northern Basques, Levantines, southerners, inspired by the efforts of a whole race exhausting itself in

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a titanic enterprise. The story becomes at times a painful history whose edges are sharpened on the grindstone of irony—a diffused irony, scarcely noticeable in the beginning. Later on it is underlined in each incident which occurs in this Iberian Ark of Noah, and this is heightened by the author's own illustrations. Smiles become grimaces or feverish contractions of the lips. A pompous shadow of a punctilious nobleman . . . Faces which pretend, from the black engraving, to show an inkling of their souls. Here the illustrations enhance rather than detract from the book, as is so often the case.

The Flag Ship was written, according to the author, among vileness and meanness; an attempt to escape from the encircling moral weakness through the loophole of ironic illusion. And he could only have written it by isolating himself from all that surrounded him, in a solitary dialogue with the imagination, thus avoiding the barriers created by time and space. The introduction warns us that we must not lay too much emphasis on the chronology: *The Flag Ship* is not of a definite century, and though it is alive with its own spirit, it belongs to all time. Besides, the ship itself counts but little; it is the sea and the winds that move it, the men who command it and those who live in it, laying bare before the sea the more intimate side of their beings. The haggling shop-keeper, the give-and-take wench, persevering in their accustomed ways with a dissolute indifference; the noble lady whose social background inexorably brings about her tragic end; her husband, traveler to the West Indies on a sovereign mission; their daughters; and the captain. All pass one by one, and all stamp on the lines of this tale of the sea their characteristic psychological fiber.

And then the sea . . . Insensible to these would-be conquerors of its immensity, keeps its terse rhythm. This ship will cross and after her will come others. Calm will follow the tempest, and the winds will blow without leaving trace or mark. In *The Flag Ship* the sea acquires a new personality; it even has its own arteries, which gather up the dead bodies of the executed, carrying them to remote regions, abysmal graves where feverish lives end.

The theme, being short and simple, has found in Ricardo Baroja a vigorous exponent who does not create the incidents artificially, but allows them to arise as if in an unconscious manner, pleasing himself in his labyrinthine plot and giving to the whole an outward organic appearance. It is not for nothing that he tells us *The Flag Ship* is the product of illusion, of fantasy; and if at some time the characters are confronted with situations which awaken in us, their feeble heirs, a tumult of sounds in the depth of our spirit, it is another proof that we are floating, without toil or reward, in the impalpable realm of dreams.

Written in a terse Castilian, clear and transparent as crystal, the book arouses a measured restlessness which never amounts to emotion; there are times when it rises to lofty beauty—qualities which have deservedly earned it the National Literature Prize.

Knight of Our Times

Salvare, oder Die Magdalena von Bozen. *By Carl Zuckmayer. Vienna: Bermann-Fischer Verlag. 1936.*

(Franz Horch in the *Neue Freue Presse*, Vienna)

SALVARE or the Magdalene of Bozen, a first novel by Carl Zuckmayer, just published, is in every respect an unusual piece of work. It is sure to receive grateful attention, possibly even lasting enthusiasm.

The fact that the author makes his bow as a novelist with this mature book, which displays a masterly understanding of the laws of epic form, gives assurance that German fiction (and not merely, as heretofore, German drama) is likely to be greatly enriched by Carl Zuckmayer.

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Salvare is the name of a castle in the southern Tyrol, near Bozen. There Thomas Stolperer is a guest of the owners, his friends. He is a man who is bound to the joys and miseries of the earth with every fiber of his being. He is a painter, drinking in the marvel of creation with all its lights and colors. In him every sense is always alert and active. A knight of our times sans fear and sans reproach, he has only one anxiety: that he may some day lose his penetrating vision, which is for him one and the same with faith, the vital force, the bond to life.

His experiences in the strange and eerie mountain nook, almost deliberately closed off from the outside world, form the fabric of the novel. In the numerous conversations and descriptions the discussion turns to all those questions whose clarification is a matter of life and death to the responsible individual of our time. The conversations of the inhabitants of Salvare have the loftiness, the breadth and the luminous quality of ancient Greek dialogue.

We must refrain from presenting Zuckmayer's full roster of persons individually and limit ourselves to the most important characters. There are, first of all, the owner of the great estate, Firmin, and his wonderful wife. She is, incidentally, the only person in the castle who fully understands her place in life; thanks to her humble insight she is the strongest individual among them. Firmin is a dramatist and a man of the most sensitive artistic temperament; at the same time he bears on his narrow shoulders the burden of being the heir of an old generation long rooted in the district. It is only in the happiest hours that these elements of his nature achieve a harmonious balance. The lack of self-confidence from which this dilettante of life and art suffers endows his figure with something unusual. The word *dilettante*, when applied to Firmin, must be understood in Goethe's sense. He too, belonged to this class, the elect of fate, and he contrasted it with the amateur, the arrogant know-it-all, who is at bottom incapable of accomplishing and understanding anything.

Firmin's sister, Magdalena, the strangest character in the book, immersed in iridescent light, is a creature shaken by all earthly forces and urges. Unintentionally and guiltlessly she proves the undoing of the circle to which she belongs. It is in the glittering character of Magdalena that the author reflects the dangerous abysses in whose depths sin and ensnarement take hold of the weak and unresisting. She is as full of life as all the other characters in the book, yet in the words and attitude of this woman toward her companions there is a faint inkling of the pernicious influences inherent in her character, of her own misfortune and that of the others.

In contrast to her we have the rich and gentle character of Mena, the waitress from the Albergo di Latemar. Her love affair with Thomas, the real kernel of the book, Zuckmayer describes with all the directness and tenderness that well up from his unique lyric power, utterly enthralling the reader. Here nature herself becomes the heroine of the plot—and indeed the entire book is brim-full of the overwhelming impression which all creation makes upon the painter, Stolperer, in whose words the story is told. Such descriptions of landscapes as that of the road to the Castle at the beginning of the novel are hardly equaled in contemporary literature.

[*An English translation of Zuckmayer's novel will be brought out by the Viking Press.*]

Portrait of a Lady

No Place Like Home. *By Beverley Nichols. London: Jonathan Cape. 1936.*

(Graham Greene in the *Spectator*, London)

I FOUND myself thinking of Guy Walsingham, the author of *Obsessions*. Readers of *The Death of the Lion* will remember how Mr. Morrow, of the *Tatler*,

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interviewed her. For Guy Walsingham was a woman, just as Dora Forbes, author of *The Other Way Round*, was a man. 'A mere pseudonym'—that was how Mr. Morrow put it—'convenient, you know, for a lady who goes in for the larger latitude.'

A confusing literary habit, which led me to wonder a little about the author of *No Place Like Home*. For all I know Mr. Nichols may be another Mr. Walsingham. A middle-aged and maiden lady, so I picture the author, connected in some way with the Church: I would hazard a guess that she housekeeps for her brother, who may be a canon or perhaps a rural dean. In that connection she may have met the distinguished ecclesiastics who have noticed a previous book so kindly. ('The chapter on Sex,' writes a Dean, 'is the best sermon on the subject I have ever read.') She is not married, that I am sure, for she finds the sight of men's sleeping apparel oddly disturbing: 'it was almost indecent, the way he took out pyjamas and shook them;' and on her foreign holiday, described in this book, she hints—quite innocently—at a Man. 'His knowledge was encyclopædic. His name was Paul. He was about forty-five. We had better leave it at that.'

It is impossible not to grow a little fond of this sentimental, whimsical and poetic lady. She conforms so beautifully to type (I picture her in rather old-fashioned mauve with a whalebone collar). A Christian, but only in the broadest sense, emotional, uninstructed and a little absurd, as when she writes of the Garden of Gethsemane: 'Here I had the greatest shock of all. *For the garden was not even weeded!*' She is serious about Art ('Try a little experiment. Hold up your hand in front of your eyes so that you bisect the picture horizontally'), a little playful ('Dürers so great that you feel you must walk up to them on tiptoe'). She loves dumb animals, and hates to see even a field mouse killed ('one mustn't let oneself wonder if perhaps the mice were building a house, which has now been wrecked, if perhaps Mrs. Field Mouse was going to have babies, which will be fatherless'), and in *their* cause she shows considerable courage ('On more than one occasion I have created useless and undignified scenes at theaters in a vain protest against the cruelty of dragging terrified and bewildered animals to the footlights for the delectation of the crowd').

This almost masculine aggressiveness is quite admirable when you consider the author's natural timidity, how nervous she is in airplanes ('It is with the greatest difficulty that I refrain from asking the pilot if he is sure about the tail. Is it on? Is it on *straight?* What will happen if it falls off?'), and how on one occasion, climbing a pyramid, she very nearly had what she calls 'a swooning sickness.'

But what engaging company on these foreign cruises and excursions a maiden lady of her kind must have been, exhilarated as she was by her freedom from parish activities ('All that matters is that we are alone and free, *free*. Nobody can telephone to us. Nobody can ask us to lecture on the Victorian novelists. It is beyond the realms of possibility that anybody, for at least twenty-four hours, will ask us to open a chrysanthemum exhibition'), and hilarious with the unaccustomed wine ('We are, beyond a shadow of a doubt, Abroad. And not only Abroad but At Large. And not only at large but in a delicious haze of irresponsibility and white wine'). Her emotions are so revealing: she weeps, literally weeps, over Athens; she disapproves of women who don't grow old gracefully ('I also thought how very much nicer and younger the average woman of forty-five would look, in this simple uniform, than in the stolen garments of her daughter'), she feels tenderly towards young people ('the silver treble of youth that is sweeter because it is sexless'), her literary preferences are quite beautifully commonplace ('What a grand play Galsworthy would have written round the theme of Naboth's Vineyard'). Excitable, sound at heart,

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genuinely tied to her brother and the vicarage—'The old dear,' one exclaims with real affection, and I was overjoyed that she got safely home to her own garden before—but I must not spoil her closing paragraphs:—

'There they were, dancing under the elm, exactly as I had planned them.

'I was in time for the daffodils.'

[*Beverley Nichols' book has been published in the United States by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City.*]

Film Extravaganza

Star Turn. *By René Clair. London: Chatto and Windus. 1936.*

(From the *Times Literary Supplement*, London)

THERE was a time, it seems, when M. René Clair thought that one could present serious things in a flippant and fantastic light, even the serious things of the world of the cinema. Hence this translation of a novel originally called *Adams*. Hence, too, the rather wistful little preface in which M. Clair grieves over a literary apprenticeship to film making and the apparently belated discovery that in a lunatic world which the outsider endows with artistic purpose sense and nonsense are interchangeable terms.

Adams—Cecil Adams—was everybody's favorite film star. His were the features which were most familiar to mankind from China to Peru. Even in those comparatively far-off years the masters of publicity were masters of the earth. When Cecil Adams in the flesh entered a cinema where his new film, *Jack Spratt*, was being exhibited for the first time, nine persons were killed and thirty injured in the crush and he himself lost his tie and a shoe. But Adams was a queer fish. He had imagination of a sort. He could not easily distinguish between Adams and the characters which he personated on the screen. Insensibly Adams came to lose himself in one or other of them. He was the created, not the creator. Imaginatively, and not imaginatively only, he was by turn William the cowboy, Harold the conquering hero, Dorian the poet, Charles the diffident, Eric the sinister, Antonio the charmer, Jack Spratt the comic. One of these seven possessed his soul at different moments and occasions of the day. Adams virtually ceased to exist. When the mere husk of Adams proceeded to Paris in search of peace and quiet, his seven spiritual personalities by turns took charge of him. All of them were bent, in their different fashions, upon sentimental or amorous adventure.

The tale has ingenuity, satire and a pleasant slyness, but the fantasy as a whole has two failings. In the first place, it lacks a consistent logic; the author's invention sprawls, as it were, on too many diverse planes of improbability. Secondly, he has not indicated clearly enough the boundary between subjective fancy and objective fact; it is hard to tell where Adams's obsessions leave off and his corporeal escapades begin. Adams's madness is, indeed, a trifle Hamletish. His attempted solution of his own problem is to play the title-part in a film called *God*, which is duly produced at a cost exceeding the total cost of the World War. Thus Modern Religions Inc. comes to life; and, after having fought in vain against its authority, Adams retires to a monastery. It is a gay and individual little extravaganza, and has been very well translated.

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

WALKS AND TALKS ABROAD: THE DIARY OF A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT IN 1934–6. *By Sir Arnold Wilson. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. 285 pages. $2.50.*

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. *By George Slocombe. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. 427 pages. $3.50.*

PEOPLE, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE: FOOTPRINTS OF A WANDERER. *By R. H. (Bob) Davis. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. 1936. 354 pages. $3.00.*

HAIL CAESAR! *By David Darrah. Boston and New York: Hale, Cushman and Flint. 1936. 337 pages. $2.50.*

IF SIR Arnold Wilson's reflections on European politics are a fair sample of the shrewdness of British Conservative opinion, we shall from now on have to take the famous designation of British 'muddling through' at its face value. Abundance of classical allusion cannot altogether disguise Sir Arnold's incredible naïveté. Nor does his pompous affectation of fair-mindedness conceal from the reader Sir Arnold's failure to recognize his real beliefs. He has visited Fascist Italy and lectured in Nazi Germany; and though he thinks a dictatorship contrary to the British temperament, he finds it more beneficial and efficient than parliamentary government where the national type is suited to it. He discovered in Germany amazing progress in public works. The workers, to be sure, lived in flimsy shacks without any sewage connections. But they showed creative individualism in the colors they had painted them. The persecution of the Jews seemed the one blemish upon the system. But Sir Arnold is inclined to take it as evidence of freedom of speech, since the *Stürmer*, he found, represented a minority opinion! And he concludes that the rift among the Protestants is of only organizational significance, since Nazi philosophy is basically Christian.

It is a pleasure to turn from so much concealed wish-fulfillment to the comments of an English newspaper man. When read after the American journalists Walter Duranty and Vincent Sheean, Slocombe's book may seem rather self-important. The great American reporters of today are rediscovering the world for themselves without *arrière-pensée*. But within every British newspaper man lurks the conviction that he may one day save the Empire by stepping in where diplomats have feared to tread. Slocombe relates one such service of his own, when, during interviews with the imprisoned Gandhi, he got him to compromise with the Government. But for the most part Slocombe has seen the people we would like to have met, from Sinclair Lewis to Litvinoff and Mussolini, and has something worth while to say about them. He represents the best in the English Liberal tradition even when he praises Snowden at the Hague Conference of 1929 for proving more loyal to business and Empire than class or party.

One turns from Slocombe to Bob Davis for the contrast of the worst in American journalism. The columnist of the New York *Sun* has been everywhere and seen no happening of significance. He has met everybody except persons of worth and public importance. And he knows nothing of human nature beyond the realm open to Rotarian insight. In a style in which the cliché jostles the affectation, he proves that what we carelessly accept in a newspaper column should not be exposed in book form.

Mr. Darrah's volume, on the contrary, brings us back into the best stream of American reporting. And it does not turn out to be what we should naturally fear: a repetition of George Seldes's able account of the Italian dictator. It is an expansive personal footnote to Mr. Seldes's text. Darrah gives the diary of his years in Italy as correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*. It is the story of an iron censorship in silk gloves, as ruthless as westerners conceive orientals to be behind their mask of friendliness and culture. Finally the facts about the finances of Italy and the methods of the dictatorship, which Darrah sent his paper, became embarrassing to the Government, and he was conducted to the border within a few hours of his arrest. It is refreshing to discover through these exciting stories the conception Mr. Darrah holds of his craft. Without pretension, as a 'rank-and-file' journalist, Mr. Darrah assumes that journalism is the pursuit and the candid interpretation of contemporary fact. It does not occur to him to assume the prophetic rôle of a

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Duranty or the cocky dialectic of a Spivak. But for straightforward reporting *Hail Caesar!* is a masterpiece of American journalism.

—Edwin Berry Burgum

Haig: A Biography. *By Duff Cooper. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1936. 381 pages. $4.00.*

THIS life story of the Commander-in-chief of the British Expeditionary Force on the Western Front from December, 1915, to the close of the World War, albeit interesting and readable, hardly appears to fulfill its publisher's claim to be 'the definitive biography' of Earl Haig. Written upon the invitation of the Field-Marshal's executors, based largely upon his unpublished wartime diary, and imbued with a respectful hero-worship, the book lacks the proportion and completeness which would seem essential in any definitive work. Only thirty pages are devoted to the first fifty-three years of Haig's life, that is, from his birth in 1861 until 1914. Ten times this amount of space is allotted to the four World War years, and a final chapter of thirty-five pages deals with the last ten years of the subject's life. The lack of an index, moreover, detracts materially from the usefulness of the fourteen chapters relating to the World War.

On the other hand, the character and personality of Haig do emerge clearly from the volume. His religiosity, his sportsmanship, his dislike of fussing and red tape, his straightforward devotion to duty and remarkable singleness of purpose, his innate kindliness and good-heartedness, often hidden under a soldier's brusque exterior, are well brought out. The major battles, too, are well and simply described, and the picture is enlivened by apt quotations from Lord Haig's notes, letters, and dispatches. It once more becomes evident from these pages, moreover, how difficult the politicians at home often made things for the generals at the front, how frequently the Allied commanders disagreed among themselves, and how important personal likes and dislikes were in the appointment and removal of leaders. 'All would be so easy,' runs a quoted entry in Haig's diary, 'if I only had to deal with the Germans.' Despite certain obvious lacks, then, Duff Cooper's work is essential for any thorough understanding of the military history of the World War.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

Gómez, Tyrant of the Andes. *By Thomas Rourke. New York: William Morrow and Company. 1936. 320 pages. $3.50.*

'THE well-deserving'—thus did an obsequious Congress entitle General Juan Vicente Gómez, who for twenty-seven years was the absolute dictator of Venezuela's three million people. Gómez gave his country peace, prosperity, roads and—most remarkable of all—he wiped out the nation's foreign and domestic debt. Why not *benemérito*, 'well-deserving'?

Mr. Rourke comes forward with a few items which the dictator's paid propagandists neglected to include in their panegyrics. He does not deny Gómez' economic achievements, but asserts that in them all the dictator's personal interests always stood first. He treated the nation as his own private estate, and when he died, in December, 1935, his private fortune was estimated at anything from two hundred million to several billion dollars. Ninety per cent of the money for public works was spent, practically all the paved highways were built, in a relatively small area around the capital city—an area incidentally where Gómez' great farms and cattle ranches, his dairy and slaughter-house, his cotton mill and other factories were located.

Mr. Rourke agrees that Gómez gave Venezuela peace. But he points out that it was a peace of terror and repression, which cost Venezuela all political liberty, all freedom of speech, press and assembly. Critics and opponents were thrown into damp, filthy, vermin-ridden dungeons, were loaded with eighty-pound leg-irons which chafed ankles into fatal gangrene, were terribly tortured and left pitiful, desexed, human wrecks. Young students who dared to talk of 'liberty' paid for this crime by hard labor building roads through tropical swamps and jungles. Gómez spent two and one-half times more on his spy system than he did on public education.

His was dictatorship, American style. Unlike contemporary European models, Gómez was not the demagogue, but the *caudillo*, the strong man. He never made a speech in his life. He did not marshal mass support by fanfare and pageantry, by propaganda and prejudice. He ruled, Mr. Rourke suggests, rather by terror and blind fear. His people called him *brujo*, witch. Ignorant and unschooled, he was yet a shrewd business man, a military genius by instinct. He was silent, inscrutable, inexplic-

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able; a man of unique personal power and self-assurance.

But in Latin America his dictatorship was not unique. Today many of the republics to the south are ruled by men all too like Gómez in lust for power, heartless cruelty, insatiable greed and thirst for adulation. With his passing brighter days may possibly have dawned for Venezuela. But personal dictatorship still lives in Latin America, a fact which complicates somewhat the prospects for idyllic Pan-American peace and concord at conferences such as the coming one at Buenos Aires.

Mr. Rourke's biography is popular, not scholarly, in type. He dramatizes at times with the freedom of a novelist. The bibliography is scant and is composed chiefly of secondary rather than primary sources. But Gómez' repression is primarily to blame for the absence in the National Library at Caracas of 'a single printed line of unbiased truth.' The author necessarily had to base his record largely on the personal observations and the interviews which his years of residence as a petroleum engineer in Venezuela permitted him. But in his book he has given us a vivid, moving and essentially accurate account of the career of the *benemérito*.

—Charles A. Thomson

Victoria of England. *By Edith Sitwell. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1936. 349 pages. $3.50.*

Miss Sitwell has written a highly readable, extraordinarily entertaining, quite unnecessary biography of Queen Victoria. The author's note says: 'This book is in no way intended to be a full history of the Queen's reign. It does not attempt to deal with political questions and is only intended as a portrait of the Queen . . . and as a record of certain social conditions.'

In these last words lies the clue to Miss Sitwell's forsaking what she in a recently published 'auto-obituary' described as 'the extremely individual outlook (which) sometimes led her on to paths where only a few could follow.' Miss Sitwell, prompted by an apparently newly-awakened social consciousness, now travels the main highway, so well lighted by Mr. Strachey and Mr. Bolitho. She has read *The Communist Manifesto*. She has read Engels's *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*, and she has been moved to express her sympathy for the proletariat in the most evangelical language employed since Dickens. Miss Sitwell's one mention of Marx, her continued references to Engels are analogous to a discussion of the influence of the German romantic movement in terms of dear, kind Eckermann, who drew out the poet, Goethe.

Miss Sitwell's one original contribution is her characterization of Lord Melbourne, Mr. Strachey's 'Autumn Rose,' as 'wearing a devil's mask and bearing a devil's grin.' With the enviable naïveté of that class whose tradition it is that the King can do no wrong, Miss Sitwell has ignored the Georges and William as symbols of injustice and has transformed poor, *laissez-faire* Lord M. into the villain in the piece.

It would be unfair, however, to leave the reader with the impression that Miss Sitwell had abandoned decoration for ideology. On pages 206 and 207 she lists the names of all the scents used by fashionable Victorian ladies. Early descriptive passages might be quotations from her own poems: '. . . a white mist through which the breath of the horses came in little curls like the buds of lilies of the valley. The heat had turned the faces of the children who crowded round the carriages into those of Negresses, but their hair seemed the long gold hair of planets. . . .' And towards the end she becomes almost Macaulayesque: 'She had the great and unfailing interest of royal nature, the sight of the eagle, the heart of the lion.'

—Mina Curtiss

Antisemitism Historically and Critically Examined. *By Hugo Valentin, Lecturer in History in the University of Upsala. Translated from the Swedish by A. G. Chater. New York: The Viking Press. 1936. 324 pages. $3.00.*

Spring Up, O Well. *By Dorothy Ruth Kahn. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1936. 276 pages. $2.75.*

Here is a fine and authoritative study of a tragic subject, one almost as old as history itself, a barbarous manifestation that has grown more barbarous and bloodier in our own time. Hugo Valentin traces antisemitism from its probable origins in antiquity (the ritual murder accusation, for instance, was first made by the Greek Apion), analyzes its causes and meanings, and shows

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its infinite varieties at work. In translation the book is admirable, a scholarly achievement not merely readable but engrossing. Lack of an index is its only fault.

The simply stated, accumulated details of Nazi treatment of the Jews will horrify the sensitive reader who may have forgotten or have felt an inclination to minimize or excuse this aspect of the workings of the 'National Socialist' creed. Again and again Dr. Valentin dwells upon the tragic irony of Jew-hatred: 'Ought one to laugh or to weep on hearing a people so feeble politically, which moreover has consisted generation after generation . . . of proletarians sunk in the deepest material misery, represented as the rulers of the world? Ought one to laugh or be angry when it is made responsible for the World War, which more than any other it had reason to fear and which brought upon it unspeakable misery? . . . It is not the Jews who are hated, but an imaginary image of them. . . .'

To explain and to comment upon anti-semitism is one thing; to predict its course or plan means of extirpating it is, unfortunately, another. Inevitably, the book's last chapter, 'The Future,' is its weakest and saddest. Man has not yet discovered a means of immunizing himself against the consequences of his own stupidity, or of avoiding the pitfalls into which his gullibility leads him.

We turn hopefully from the harrowing pages of *Antisemitism* to *Spring Up, O Well*, and are not entirely disappointed. It is an autobiographical work dealing chiefly with an American Jewess's discovery of Palestine, written in an incredibly banal, staccato, and annoying manner, but containing from time to time such fresh, keenly observed pictures of people and of places that we are able to take a lenient view of Miss Kahn's chocolate-sundae style, which perhaps hits the top of its stride when, in describing Jerusalem, she lets herself go with: 'For she is strange. She is smiling. She cares not for you. Or you. Or even you. She is.'

Despite its shortcomings and limitations the book succeeds as an entertaining portrayal of modern Palestine. It is hard, however, to overlook one omission—the utter lack of mention of the chief barrier to the country's development as a Jewish national home, the intense and highly organized Arab opposition, and the mandatory power's unwillingness or inability to take a definite stand on either side.

—Henry Bennett

Skutarevsky. *By Leonid Leonov. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 1936. 444 pages. $2.50.*

IN THIS book by one of the foremost Soviet writers we are introduced to a character that is somewhat new in Russian fiction: a scientist who was famous during the Tsarist régime and who, after being immersed in his scientific work all his life, suddenly discovers the new, Soviet Russia. Obviously this is a portrait of the late Pavlov or Karpovski.

Skutarevsky is a typical product of the new Russian fiction. The description of the work carried on—be it in the field of science or in a factory—is fascinating; the description of the men doing the work is poor. Passages of vivid description are interspersed with dull prose of the 'proletarian salute' variety. Of course, there are the usual types, which are becoming in Russian literature a tradition comparable to the Commedia dell 'Arte characters: an odiously cheerful up-and-coming young Party member; some odiously gloomy down-and-out counter-revolutionaries of indeterminate variety; a morbid young man who is out of tune with the present régime, treated in the approved Dostoievski manner (these unfortunate young men are *always* treated in the Dostoievski manner); and a healthy young thing from the Young Communist league.

Yet though these things exasperate the reader he cannot but feel the zest, the enthusiasm of the book. The author (or perhaps the translator) achieves a pleasantly terse, biting style. The hero, Professor Skutarevsky, a sour, eccentric, and completely honest old man, is a credible and dignified figure—his characterization is the best part of the book; the scene where he faces his unworthy son as he lies dying is a touching one, and without a single false note. He is a tough old man; one cannot help but be glad that the author did not have time to show his activities after his regeneration, for by then he probably would have become unbearably maudlin about it.

—Lucy Cores

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CORRESPONDENCE

A Classic Case

To the Editor of The Living Age:—

Sir:—In the October issue of your magazine an article by Odette Pannetier entitled 'An Interview with Freud' was published. This, I must admit, not only appealed to my sense of humor but also to my curiosity. Certain details—as, for instance, the idea that Freud would be interested in a classic type of case, when it seems as though his real interests would lie in the unusual—made me wonder how much of this article was based on fact. Inasmuch as it was published as an article rather than as fiction, one would consider it reasonably accurate. Would you be so kind as to enlighten me as to the general proportions of fact and fancy therein; and also give me more information about the author?

—Ruth H. Charlton

Waban, Mass.

[Miss Odette Pannetier is known both for her ability to obtain interviews where everyone else has failed and for her extreme maliciousness. We reproduced her account of her interview with Freud more for its humor than for its literal truth. The Editor]

'Stupidity'—and Guile

To the Editor of The Living Age:—

Sir:—'Stupidity' as a condemnatory word for failure in international politics has come into common usage. . . . Studies in world history show direct relations between so-called 'stupid' diplomatic moves and the national power of the nation attempting to place a forward policy into effect.

If a nation is irresistible in the exercise of its national will, then its actions will be successful, it will be a maker of Law, and the actions of lesser ambitious powers will appear extra-legal, be attended by failure, in fact, be palpably 'stupid.'

What force for hundreds of years has been maker of a rule of law, or conduct, upon which other nations might line their toes? It has been the British Fleet. Did the Danes have plans? The Dutch? The Spanish? The French? The Germans? What became of those national plans when they countered the plans of the British? Rotting warships, fathoms deep, attest. The acquisitive plans of those aspiring nations were simply 'stupid' because behind them was insufficient force to recast international law, will or testament.

English continental alliances before the World War need not obscure the weight of the British fleet. Alliances were based on that unseen force, and the use of continental nations, now one or the other, to keep the balance of power in British hands, was little less than the use of other nations as a 'land fleet.'

The World War seemed so utterly won, with so many continental powers (landships) docked at Geneva, that the physical British fleet was allowed to languish. This favorable situation might have been frozen for a century had not central Europe been so miserable that the pain of regeneration was sweet.

The resurgence of Germany under a new mystique was one thing. What matters is this: German imagination saw that air power might supersede steam power as steam power had dethroned sail power. This, plus a genius in the chemical sciences, gave the German resurgence international significance.

It is my firm belief, with which the late Frank Simonds agreed, that only a small percentage of the German aerial rearmament is known. Central Europe senses the hum of the dynamo and is becoming attuned. Why not! Germany's fate is its fate—the fate of the Continent.

German arrival at new and prepossessing power is alarming to ancient hegemonies . . . In the face of air power Britain's navy may be only a landlocked toy. Her landships—the other continental powers, molder before her eyes. Where will this leave Britain, arbiter of the seas and international disputes?

We return to our original point, 'stupidity' in international politics and its relation to national power. No one can have failed to note the bitter incriminations hurled back and forth, with perfect Anglo-Saxon abandon, between Britain's leaders. Her big men, true

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to that primitive, ineradicable human instinct, are sacrificed to outraged public opinion, and in their noble halls are called rats and cowards.

The Island is whipped into a frenzy to rebuild the navy and a great air arm. Why? Because it takes force, and not beautiful idealism, to put across international ideas. . .

Sadly enough there is something bitter for America in all this. After serving so ably as landship for empire we suffered a decade of ridicule. Now hands are extended across the sea to us again. We are told to our face that had it only been known we would be so needed, and so soon, something would have been paid on debts owed to us.

Such statements confirm our fears that, in such studied openness of expression, we have an index to other nations' inner opinion as to just how stupid we may be . . .

But is there not a grain of comfort for those among us who expect high and inner strategy of England? Might not her diplomatic stumbling be a blind for some maneuver? A 'powerless' England cannot be called upon to prevent what she might desire to see consummated.

There will be at least one early and conclusive test of England's intention. Should her King marry either of two German princesses whose names are on the lips of British society, then we will know definitely that British diplomatic 'stupidity' has been Fabian strategy to mislead and delay France and Russia while Germany rearmed, while a new alliance was in the making.

It will be worth waiting up to see.

—Vol Tearette

Cambridge, Mass.

'Company Towns'?

To the Editor of The Living Age:—

Sir:—Although I did not read the original reference to 'company towns' in your journal I have been interested in the correspondence which it has evoked. After having read Mr. A. C. Robinson's letter I should like to add a few facts to your contention that the towns mentioned are, in truth, 'company towns.' It is difficult to believe that Mr. Robinson, having lived here for so long, is so blissfully unaware of conditions which merit the calling of such a town as Aliquippa a 'company town.' Perhaps the following might interest you.

(a) This from a political article in the Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* for September 30: 'Take such a steel town as Aliquippa, where the Jones and Laughlin mills are in effect the town. Registration is overwhelmingly Republican. Yet this town contributed 2,500 to the 10,000 majority which Governor Earle [a Democrat] obtained in Beaver County in 1934.'

The *Post-Gazette*, it is worth noting, is a strong Republican paper. I might add to the above quotation that it is the habit of many of the steel workers in this district always to register as Republicans. It is 'safer' and they do not have to vote as they registered.

(b) It is worthy of note that during the early part of the SWOC [Steel Workers' Organizing Committee] drive here it was impossible to hire a hall in Aliquippa when John L. Lewis spoke in that town.

(c) Earl Browder, Communist candidate for President, was denied the use of the high school auditorium when he recently spoke in Ambridge.

The American Bridge Company is well represented on the school board.

These are only a few incidents which would serve to refute Mr. Robinson's claims. No doubt many of your readers know of others.

—A Reader

Baden, Pa.

P. S. If you wish to use this letter, please use the above signature. I make this request for obvious reasons.

Savoyards, Attention!

To the Editor of The Living Age:—

Sir:—I trust that many of your readers will be glad to learn that a New York branch of the Gilbert and Sullivan Society (affiliated with the Society in London) has recently been formed. It will endeavor to help toward spreading a knowledge and appreciation of the work of the immortal pair, and hopes to provide a meeting place for Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiasts.

The Society's first meeting was held at the rooms of the English-Speaking Union on Sunday, October 25. Those interested in sharing the work and diversions of the Society are invited to write to the Secretary, Miss Alma G. Watson, 28 West 44th Street, New York City.

—Henry Bennett

New York

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AMERICA AND THE LEAGUE

A Symposium—VII

THE previous instalments of this symposium, consisting of letters from distinguished correspondents throughout the United States, have been devoted largely to a discussion of the problem whether, in spite of the League's failure to sustain the principle of collective security, its primary, and doubtless its most important, purpose, the United States should become a member of the League of Nations. But lacking a league of nations sufficiently powerful to impose its peace policies upon the world, the question of neutrality for non-belligerent nations comes conspicuously to the fore.

Few of our correspondents believe that the United States will, within the near future, be one of the original participants in any war. The consensus seems to be, without always a definite expression of opinion, that the next world war will break out upon the continent of Europe. The belief is widespread, unfortunately, that the world is not yet through with war and that no league of nations, sufficiently powerful to police land and sea and enforce sanctions for the violation of its edicts, is likely to be created for many years to come.

Conceding for the present that the United States will not be an original party to the next international conflict, what shall be its methods and policies to escape embroilment in it?

Various answers have been offered to this question, though some of our correspondents, without undertaking to lay down specific rules of conduct, discuss instructively and helpfully alternative policies, the consideration of which, we regret to say, may not be premature.

A LARGE number of our correspondents are of the opinion that only the most rigid pursuit of a policy of 'strictest neutrality' is likely to help us to keep out of future wars. Neutrality, of course, is interpreted in many different ways. Some correspondents understand by it the strictest prohibition of any sales to belligerent nations, regardless of their purpose, while others feel that although the sale of actual war supplies should be prohibited, yet they are, as Mr. Raymond Binford, President of Guilford College, North Carolina, puts it, 'hesitant to deny to a nation food and clothing that are necessary to the lives of non-combatant citizens.'

Dr. William Edward Fitch, a prominent physician of Fort Barrancas, Florida, who is in strong support of a strict neutrality policy, writes us:—

> While another World War is not certain, the threat and rumblings of war seem to be real and dangerously imminent. The recent experience of our own country in European conflicts has been such as to warn us never again to become involved in foreign entanglements. The World War cost this nation many thousands of lives and many billions of dollars loaned to foreign nations 'to help make the world a safe place to live.' Now after twenty years this foreign debt is still unpaid and the chances are strong that it never will be paid. . . .
>
> The people of this country, with the horrors of the World War still harassing them, are, in my opinion, overwhelmingly in favor of strict neutrality. . . . I am of the opinion that we should adhere to that policy, uphold the Monroe Doctrine, increase the fighting forces of our nation until we have the biggest navy afloat, the largest standing army on earth, and the largest and most efficient air corps in the world.

Dr. John E. Rolfe, Professor Emeritus of Latin Languages at the University of Pennsylvania, is also for strict neutrality:—

> I think that the United States of America

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should be strictly neutral . . . in the event of future European hostilities, should they occur, . . . I fully realize the many factors that might make strict neutrality difficult, or even impossible; but these should be provided for, if it can possibly be done.

Dr. Lewellys F. Barker of Baltimore also writes:—

I am in favor of the United States of America remaining as free as possible from positive action in relation to hostilities in Europe and elsewhere outside of America.

Professor Harold W. Guest of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas, continues the discussion:—

If it is desirable or necessary that we tie our hands in any way, I much prefer that it be in the interest of neutrality rather than in the interest of participation in controversies and struggles where the issues are more or less confused.

Likewise Mrs. Julia Wheelock, Director of the Liberty Legion, New York City, believes that:—

Our wisest Neutrality Policy is to strictly follow the advice of George Washington and Senator Borah by keeping Free From All Foreign Entanglements.

Mr. Charles A. Ewing, President of the National Live Stock Marketing Association of Chicago, expresses the following view:—

I favor a strong, clear-cut policy of neutrality for our country. I am in favor of an organized civilization's developing all the strength it can against nations which break the peace of the world. I am most certainly and heartily in favor of taking the profit out of war business so far as possible. I am in favor of sanctions to the extent that they prevent lending any financial assistance to any nation for carrying on war or any material assistance in furnishing supplies to be used in carrying on war, either directly or indirectly.

Mr. Eldridge H. Copenhaver, President of Marion College, Marion, Virginia, expresses himself similarly:—

Unnecessary alliances or coöperation should be avoided at whatever cost. The United States has had its lesson from the World War, whose disastrous losses a century's progress will not repair. It should profit by its war experiences. Until the peace and prosperity of the United States is threatened and its sovereign rights trampled upon, a strict neutrality should be preserved.

THE question of unpaid war debts is a matter of grave concern to many of our friends. The Honorable Edgar B. Brossard, United States Tariff Commissioner, Washington, D. C., thinks that:—

Europe has shown by her attitude towards the United States in refusing to repay her war debts to us that about her only interest in this country is to keep her a 'goat' to be 'fleeced.' Until Europe really shows a change in attitude toward us, it behooves us to mind our own business and let her work out her own solutions to her international squabbles.

Professor Roy L. Garis, of Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tennessee, belongs to those economists who from the beginning have been opposed to the cancellation of the war debts. In his book, *Principles of Money, Credit, and Banking*, he has stated that:—

At a time when international good will and confidence are vitally necessary, these nations seem to have chosen to set before the peoples of the world a shameless, yet determined, effort to repudiate their honest debts. An inability to pay is excusable; however, an unwillingness to pay is not only dishonest, but it destroys that feeling of confidence which is so essential to international comity.

In his reply to our letter Mr. Garis writes that:—

. . . the unwillingness to pay has always dominated the ability to pay. I have, therefore, been heartily in favor of the Johnson law to prevent additional loans to defaulters. I, likewise, opposed the recognition of Russia. I believe that recent events have justified the soundness of my position and I feel sure that subsequent developments will likewise vindicate my arguments. For I feel that we should not cancel these debts but let them be a constant reminder of the thankless cost of direct participation in European affairs. The non-cancellation of these

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debts is, therefore, in my opinion a first line of defence against a future world war.

Dr. William E. Darnall, a well-known physician of Atlantic City, N. J., thinks that the United States shirked a solemn duty in declining to enter the League of Nations, although it was proposed by her. On the question of sanctions he continues:—

'Sanctions' which are just and necessary might well be arranged by mutual agreement, individually, with other nations and supported by the United States. Strict neutrality should be maintained as far as possible with all contending factions and above all, no war loans should be permitted to any country who is already indebted to this nation.

On the same subject we quote also from the illuminating letter of Professor L. L. Bernard of Washington University, Saint Louis:—

I am entirely in favor of sanctions. I believe it to be the only feasible method by which one nation can act effectively to cripple the war intentions of another country without itself going to war. I realize, of course, that the economic interests of any country are likely to be much more loyal to their profits than to the welfare of their country or of mankind at large. As a consequence such economic interests are very likely to oppose sanctions and even to sabotage the sanctions policy of their country, even to the point of clandestine treason. We have seen some very good examples of that, especially in connection with the munitions racket, which has been played so persistently throughout the last thirty or forty years.

ALTHOUGH the desire to maintain neutrality at all costs is widespread, yet experience indicates that the inflexible maintenance by the United States of the rights of neutrals would be very likely to involve this country again into a world war. This point is clearly made by Professor Pierce Butler, Dean of the H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College, of New Orleans, who writes:—

I think it has been shown that our own neutrality formula in the past has worked out politically, if not algebraically, to land us in war of some sort. Can we devise a new formula that shall not so develop? The present law, a frank make-shift, holds little promise. Yet I believe that effort in that direction holds out greatest hope. Concentration on two points seems to me most important. First, definite propaganda to educate our public in favor of real open-minded consideration of the claims of both contestants in any war. Second, provision for taxing all excess profit out of any trade with belligerents—not attempting the hopeless task of enumerating 'contraband of war.' Essential to the success of this, of course, is a government firm enough to resist the clamor of selfish interests—in effect, it depends absolutely upon the first suggestion.

In my judgment, it is rather absurd to say that we have no concern with the war that is surely brewing in Europe. . . . We are sure to be concerned on grounds economic, idealistic, political, in its progress and its outcome. I believe that, as a nation, in spite of ugly episodes in our past, we are more idealistic than any other nation. Our peculiar fortunate situation has contributed to the growth of this sentiment, and has partly made it capable of realization. Let us not, in the next war, be misled by noble but unreal idealisms—I apologize for the paradox, but so it is. Take no part, if it be humanly possible to escape taking a part. I am tempted to close with some memorable words, however disheartening to the idealist, that all schoolboys used to declaim: 'Gentlemen cry, Peace! Peace! when there is no peace.'

The interference of trade interests is also discussed by Professor Seba Eldridge, sociologist and economist of the University of Kansas, Lawrence, who writes us:—

My opinion is that the present legislation needs to be greatly strengthened, particularly with a view to minimizing the possible influence of financial and industrial interests in entangling us in a general European conflict through the promotion of trade interests arising from such a conflict.

Professor F. S. Chapin of the University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, educator and author, thinks that:—

Neutrality legislation should merely state general principles in flexible terms, always leaving to the State Department the formula-

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tion, interpretation and application of policies in each special case.

This view is shared by Dr. Frank B. Jewett, prominent engineer and author, of New York City:—

At a time when the possibility of a general European conflict is a matter of concern, it seems to me that the only wise course for this nation to pursue is one which will insure complete freedom of action in the light of existing conditions when necessity for action arises. . . . No one is wise enough to foresee all of the contingencies which may arise to influence a national policy. In times of stress a previously stated policy may be found not only impossible of attainment, but also its very statement may be a distinct embarrassment by giving basis for allegations of bad faith and uncertainty.

Dr. William B. Aspinwall, President of the State Teachers College at Worcester, Massachusetts, sends us an extremely interesting statement which we regret not being able, for lack of space, to print in full. Mr. Aspinwall adds to the previous discussion the following thought:—

As for 'sanctions' and the entire policy of neutrality, the United States will probably never be able to act wholly independently as a neutral nation. The success of 'sanctions' is obviously conditioned upon concerted action of a group of nations and the action of the United States will perforce be influenced by the actions of the nations invoking 'sanctions.' I believe, either they will feel obliged to go along with the other nations in enforcing 'sanctions' by restricting our own trade with a belligerent nation; or conceivably to withhold such restrictions upon trade in order to maintain cordial economic and trade relationships with the dominant nations. The policy in all cases will need to be flexible and subject to adaptation in accordance with the necessity of the situation as dictated by the international relationships involved.

Dr. Thomas B. Cooley, child specialist of Detroit, Michigan, thinks that it is quite impossible 'that we should be content to treat all warring nations alike.' He continues:—

I can see no feasible way of dealing with the questions of sanctions and neutrality rules except by very general legislation giving the President and his advisers wide discretionary powers for such problems as arise.

Ralph Earle, Commander of the United States Navy (retired), and President of Worcester Polytechnic Institute, upholds the opposite view:—

The subject of neutrality is too involved to treat in a few words. The United States must preserve its freedom of the seas until the day comes when it is absolutely self-sustaining in all ways. The United States should coöperate to the utmost in treating belligerents in an impartial way, but when so doing ought not to deny herself equality at the time or for the future in trade and in commerce with other nations, including belligerents of the world.

LeRoy A. Foot, lawyer and former attorney general of Montana, writing from Fort Peck, Montana, believes that our refusal to trade with belligerent nations might constitute an unfortunate precedent, in certain eventualities. He writes:—

As for the wisest neutrality policy for the United States to adopt and follow, I am doubtful of a policy that would seek to prevent the sale of all war materials to a nation engaged in war. This means, in my view, enabling the stronger nation to more quickly conquer the weaker, by refusing the weaker nation the right to supply itself from the markets of the United States with the necessary supplies to enable it to defend itself. What is that but lending support to the stronger nation regardless of the righteousness or wrongness of its cause?

What may be classed as war materials? Food stuffs and medicines are as important in war as are weapons and explosives. If we could limit sales to the weapons and explosives to be used for killing soldiers, it might not be so dangerous, but if the prohibition is extended to food, medicine and clothing, we are dooming the civilian population of the belligerent nations to suffering that would seem to be uncalled for. The World War would never have been won by the Allies had it not been for the food and medicines that the United States was able to supply.

In my opinion, the safest neutrality policy for the United States is one that insists on treating warring nations on an equal basis, not

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by refusing to trade with either but by continuing to trade with both sides as friends. . . . We may some day be compelled to buy sorely needed supplies from another nation in order to enable us to preserve our national existence and, should that time come, we would be extremely aggrieved to find other nations taking the stand that we are now proposing to adopt as a neutrality policy.

T. Brady, Jr., another member of the Bar, of Brookhaven, Mississippi, expresses similar views:—

On the neutrality policy, in my opinion, this country should try to treat all combatants exactly alike. I should not favor too much the limitation of sales of what may be called war materials, but the manufacturers thereof or others making sales should pay a very heavy tax so as to take most of the profit out of the trade, thereby making the tax burdens of the people lighter. It may be impossible to pursue a neutral course and avoid war. If this country is forced into war, it should join hands with the country or countries which will guarantee the greatest amount of freedom and chance for the development of mankind.

FINALLY we give space to those who express the opinion that it is impossible for the United States to remain isolated. They contend that the world is a close-knit unit and that the affairs of this country are indissolubly bound up with the rest of the world. We quote from a letter of Professor James E. Gillespie of the Pennsylvania State College, an expert on European history:—

The world has become too much of a unit for us to isolate ourselves and refuse to coöperate whenever a question of world peace is involved. I believe in helping with every means at our disposal short of war.

Mrs. Idress Head Alvord, authoress, and an official of the Missouri Resettlement Administration, of Columbia, Missouri, writes:—

The idea that the United States can remain isolated and avoid becoming entangled in any world conflict to me is preposterous. There are all sorts of conditions and ramifications that must inevitably implicate us. This being true, why stick our heads in the sand and say we have no concern in these outbreaks and propose to stay out?

Dr. T. E. Sterne, Lecturer on Astrophysics at Harvard University, believes that in the early history of our country our foreign policy was governed largely by fear:—

We were a weak nation, and for such a nation Washington's advice about having as little to do with the powerful European nations as possible was thoroughly sound. I do not believe that Americans generally realize how powerful they are now considered abroad to be. . . . Today it is no longer necessary for us to be actuated by any sense of fear, and through fear to avoid taking our full place in the intercourse of nations.

Professor LeRoy C. Barret of Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., writes as follows:—

The neutrality advocated by the liberal Senators seems to be a policy of running away from facts: in spite of much talk of idealism it is founded upon a narrow and selfish materialism.

To conclude, let us quote from the interesting statement received from Professor A. Wellington Taylor, Dean of the Graduate School of Business Administration of New York University:—

It is not a platitude to say that the economic affairs of this country are intimately tied up with the rest of the world in innumerable ways. . . . So long as this country does not decide to sever entirely her economic life from the strings which bind it to the affairs abroad (and that would mean a terrific and costly process of readjustment), it has to bear in mind that, irrespective of its own will, it is an important factor in world affairs and has to participate in the world's political development which is so largely affected by economic issues. . . . Only a complete severance from the affairs of the world would allow this country to take an aloof attitude toward the political movements which are going on abroad.

Other letters of equal interest and significance will be published in the next issue of THE LIVING AGE.

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

IN COÖPERATION with Harper and Brothers, the Council on Foreign Relations (45 East 65 Street, New York) has recently published an important book by the former Secretary of State, Mr. Henry L. Stimson. In it Mr. Stimson gives the 'inside story' of his effort to secure joint action against Japan in 1932. Mr. Stimson was Secretary of State when Japan inaugurated her venture in Manchuria, and he therefore speaks with the fullest authority on the events with which this volume deals. He describes in detail his efforts, both independently and in coöperation with other Powers, to halt military aggression on the Asiatic mainland. With restraint, but nevertheless clearly enough, Mr. Stimson discusses Sir John Simon's lukewarm support of his efforts to arrive at collective action and expresses his conviction that Anglo-American coöperation is indispensable in any effective program for preventing war. Especially informative is his account of the origin of what he calls the 'doctrine of non-recognition,' but what the world knows as the Stimson Doctrine. The book will be reviewed in an early issue of THE LIVING AGE.

ON DECEMBER 1 there will convene in Buenos Aires the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace. This conference, which was proposed by President Roosevelt in a letter which he addressed to the Chiefs of State of the other American Republics last January 30, will consider not only methods for the prevention and pacific settlement of inter-American disputes but also such important questions as the rights and duties of neutrals and belligerents, the limitation of armaments, and a variety of economic problems whose solution will have much to do with the success of its other aims. Supporters of the Conference hope that out of it may come an effective organization for the maintenance of peace throughout the Western Hemisphere.

The Pan-American Union (Washington, D. C.) now has ready a *Special Handbook for the Use of Delegates*, a copy of which will be of aid in following the proceedings of the Conference. It contains not only the history and program of the Conference, but a wealth of relevant statistical and other information, and, in appendices, the texts of the treaties now in effect in the Americas.

THE Netherland-America Foundation (239 East 17 Street, New York) announces Erasmus quadricentenary celebrations to be held throughout the country during the week of November 15. At Columbia University, in New York, there will be a Convocation of government representatives from the various countries in which Erasmus lived, as well as from universities of this country and of Canada. A number of the speeches to be delivered at the Columbia Convocation will be broadcast; in them emphasis will be laid on Erasmus's advanced ideas on education, his significance as a humanist, his insistence upon the necessity of searching for the authentic teachings of Christ and of avoiding superstitions, and his advocacy of peace and of arbitration as a substitute for war.

THE Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40 Street, New York) opened its winter series of discussion programs with an evening meeting on October 19 at the Hotel Astor, New York. The subject was 'The Next Four Years in Foreign Relations' and the speakers included the Honorable Sumner Welles, for the Democratic party; Charles P. Taft, for the Republican party; and Margaret I. Lamont, for the Socialist party. The next discussion meeting will be held on November 7.

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THE GUIDE POST
(Continued)

Galinier's 'The White Man's Road' in recent issues of THE LIVING AGE; and Lucy Cores, a member of our staff.

AS WE have often told our readers, the influence of THE LIVING AGE extends far beyond the circle of its subscribers: not a month goes by in which it is not widely quoted in the press, and the number of times its articles and comments on world affairs serve as the unacknowledged basis of newspaper editorials defies estimation.

In recent months, with Europe going from bad to worse, and every intelligent American taking a growing interest in world affairs, the daily envelopes from our press clipping bureau have been swelling to the bursting point, stuffed with cuttings quoting THE LIVING AGE. For instance: our editorial remarks about British investments in Spain and their probable effect upon British policy (made in the September 'World Over') were reprinted in full by such widely separated papers as the *Christian Science Monitor* of Boston, Mass., the Hammond (Ind.) *Times*, the Lynbrook (N. Y.) *Nassau Star*, the Temple (Tex.) *Telegram*, the Alexandria (Va.) *Gazette*, the Brooklyn *Times Union*, the Cleveland (Ohio) *Herald*, the Nyack (N. Y.) *Journal-News*, and the Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal-Courier*, to name but a few. Ludwig Lore, foreign commentator of the New York *Post*, did us the honor of saying that the piece 'should be widely read.'

Another item in the September issue which attracted much attention was the editorial on the German *Junkers*. This was reproduced by a large number of papers, including the Peekskill (N. Y.) *Evening Star*, the Butler (Pa.) *Eagle*, the Muncie (Ind.) *Star*, the Lynbrook (N. Y.) *Nassau Star*, the Van Wert (Ohio) *Times*, the Brooklyn *Times Union*, the Winona (Minn.) *Republican-Herald*, and the Terre Haute (Ind.) *Tribune*.

Comments in lighter vein were inspired by an article of Harold Nicolson's which we reprinted as long ago as October, 1935. Mr. Nicolson was giving his impressions of America. Among other things, he wrote of the American woman. 'An American woman is wholly incapable of opening a door or even of lighting a match,' he said. 'She will wait by a door as patiently as any poodle for her husband or some other man to come to the rescue; she will retain an unlighted cigarette in her lovely lips until some man has handed her a match.'

This called forth a spirited defence of American womanhood from a correspondent of the Hollywood, (Cal.,) *Citizen-News* who signs herself 'EX-WIFE.' 'It is not,' she says, 'that the wives—or single women—are incapable. It is a breach of etiquette on the part of a woman to do these things when a man is handy.' And then, recalling her own experience with Man: 'I have a sneaking feeling that Mr. Nicolson is a single man, else he would not speak of a wife's lips as "lovely lips." If he IS married he should be given credit for at least having THAT much chivalry. It is woman's nature to thrive on courtesy—flattery. Few HUSBANDS remember that.' (Editor's Note: Mr. Nicolson has been married twenty-three years.)

It remained for the Jackson (Miss.) *News* to come to the defence of American women editorially. Heading the item 'Harold is Wrong,' and introducing the quotation from his article with the remark 'So many silly things printed in the magazines nowadays,' that paper, with a fine disdain for the rules of 'etiquette,' put Mr. Nicolson straight in few words. 'Little Harold,' it said, 'there are at least a million wives in America who not only light their own cigarettes, but pass the match three times around and think nothing about the superstition.'

The fact that these comments appeared almost a year after the publication of Mr. Nicolson's article is also interesting to us: it serves to prove how long an issue of THE LIVING AGE continues to be read!

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